

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers.
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PARTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am sitting, idly sitting, where the twilight shades are dimming,
And the memory of the past is drawing round me like a spell.
Breathes the last tones of the nearest, the fondest and the dearest,
Still within my ear, in a tremulous far-off well!

It is hard to think us parted—trusting—trusting—
—steel-trust hearted,
And that my limbs may crumble from the lengthening chain of Time,
Ere my lips may feel thy pressing, or my hair the light caressing,
That have thrilled my heart with rapture and a love almost sublime.

Ah! our lives have twined together like the vines in sunny weather,
And we never thought to part until Death should break the chain,
With which golden love has bound us, weaving like a halo round us,
Every thought and every feeling, grasping joys—ignoring pain.

Yet thou'rt gone! Thy Country calls thee, Faction's stormy cloud enshrouds thee,
And I now no more may look into the blue depths of thine eyes!
Never hear thy loved voice stealing with its rich, deep freight of feeling,
On my ear in gentle murmurs, as the evening glory dies.

Life seems reft of every beauty—I have scarce a heart for duty,
As I sit here thinking, thinking of thee, darling—far away.
Tears are falling fast and faster! Heaven grant no dire disaster
May make the gloom eternal that is on my heart to-day!

Yet in all my pain and sorrow, could I call thee back to-morrow,
Dear, my lips should never breathe the words to hasten thy return!
Thou! I sit here easily sobbing, with a heart so wildly throbbing,
I could never quench the sparks that on thy bosom's altar burn.

No! my soul may wander darkling—still I see the diamond sparkling
Of the star that yet shall dawn, to bid us hope for Peace once more,
And my heart leaps, 'e'en in sadness, like an infant in its gladness
To think how proud I'll greet thee, when the bloody strife is o'er.

I'll not think of death and slaughter—tinged with blood the crystal water
Of the parting streams that murmur through the forests of our land;
But of banners proudly streaming, where the camp fires now are gleaming,
Hear the rolling shout of millions peal from Freedom's fearless band.

See I there—bold, brave and daring, on thy manly forehead wearing
The shadow of a purpose strong as every pulse of life;
See thee strike the foe before thee, 'e'en a while rolling clouds sweep o'er thee,
Mid the clash of sword and sabre, in the hot-test of the strife.

I would never have thee falter—better death or felon's halberd,
Thou to see our cause defeated and a Nation bound in shame!
Were I a man, grim death should claim me, ere a coward's thoughts should shame me,
Or the stigma of inaction rest upon my manhood's fame!

Love, God have thee in His keeping ever, waking or in sleeping,
Every hour I breathe a prayer for our Country's cause and thee,
And I feel His love will fold thee, till my eyes again bend to thee
In the dash of manly beauty and the pride of Victory!



HALT OF WILCOX'S TROOPS IN CAROLINE STREET, FREDERICKSBURG, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO BATTLE.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the halt of one of the divisions in Fredericksburg, previous to the attack on the enemy's lines.

A DARK STORY.

[The following story is told in the last number of Colburn's London Magazine. What foundation in truth it has we know not.]

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by the *Jefferson Davis* privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the *Black Hawk*, a large New England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three-weeks' voyage, found ourselves between Dunnet Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Rack; after knocking about for some time in the Cattegat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of Finland, and on the forty-second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr. Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling gray eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Portland strait, a fishing smack only escaped from being run down by the steamer letting the *Black Hawk* fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well-known mutiny on board the United States brig *Somers*; after that he obtained a commission in the newly-formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he encountered him on the quarter-deck of the *Black Hawk*. Morton in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence

of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet with him, and attended to the strict performance of my duty. Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St. Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During his absence we all breathed freely, and these days were certainly the pleasantest that I spent aboard the *Black Hawk*.

A broker, who had business on board the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken men-of-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the navy, but his services had been declined, for, although his merits were fully recognized, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the imperial government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back freight for the United States; he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St. Thomas. We therefore set sail towards the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behavior to the crew was much milder; he rarely cursed, and more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountains, still kept his bed, Morton was thrown on my arm, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the list of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. It was not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New England States, and being supported by the influence of a Senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the *Black Hawk*.

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a desponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St. Thomas or the West Indies, as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Besides, his owners had sent him

instructions, if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privateers; if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow flitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

"Do you not think, Charley," he continued, confidentially, "that our *Black Hawk* has fineous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beat in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our bows."

These and similar remarks of Morton's the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows a perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship's wants. Moreover, the *Black Hawk* was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New England clippers are built of the best materials.

Towards evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shot himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the shore; then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly scurried about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the churches. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who like to spin a yarn over a mug of beer and a Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German I could get along with them tolerably. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cordially hated. Prussia, they said, who had betrayed her own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now daring to utter warlike threats, and were gently pointed to her new rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-of-war, and appoint officers who had seen service, but the wind-bags at Danzig understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-of-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy, appeared to me most

impracticable, even ridiculous; in any case, the manoeuvres of a parade ground are not adapted for the quarter-deck of a frigate, and if such a system be carried on for any length of time mischief cannot fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The *Black Hawk*, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own; the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivocally, and said—

"Charley, you must not be so curious; when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening my *Hawk's* back, for it will soon require it." As he gave no answer to my further questions, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are thorough careless fellows, who do not care to bother our heads—and is not the captain absolute lord aboard his ship, and is not responsible to any one? Still I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board, and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively suspected them, and could almost say with Shakespeare—

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

One afternoon as I was admiring the equestrian statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerily—

"Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-of-war, come aboard with me to Amager Island; the *Amazone* corvette is just coming in. You need not be in a great hurry, for she is as slow as a snail."

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshavn, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the *Amazone* was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the pines, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionately tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an oblong wash tub than a smart corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from neat that it offended a seaman's eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her

efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the manoeuvres were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the *Amazone* for a while we returned to Christianshavn, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Towards evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship's log book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. While hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention to this circumstance, till I recognized by their voices that they were Morton's mysterious visitors. As I was close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language; they had no idea that I was close to them, or that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every word. When I heard the name of the *Amazone* used in connexion with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously, like a minister, and so I will call him the Lisper.

"My dearest friend," the Croaker began, "when did you see the baron last?"

"Not since the day before yesterday," the Lisper replied, "at Friedensburg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess—with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the matter perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannesbrog order. The baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honorable, and if he were to hear anything of the affair he would put Morton in irons."

"Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see in it a manoeuvre of the democracy, by which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our king and prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud."

"You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the *Amazone*, is said to be coquetting with the liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer seaworthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!" "In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honorable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privately, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honorable than for mere court duties. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the coup may miss, and the king or the prince get wind of it. Although his majesty is thoroughly weary about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our well-meant services as anything but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St. Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word. Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done. But silence—I think that he is coming."

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, because the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side ropes; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisily into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my berth, and pretended to be asleep. "At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning to think that Mr. Morton had altered his mind."

"An honorable man keeps his word," Morton replied, "but, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked cautiously in

with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whiskey aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the rustling of bank-notes, and Morton said, sulkily, "Well, here are ten one hundred pound notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and anything happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elnore say," the lying gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean. By-the-by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as everything is ready. We shall soon catch up the old mail, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronsberg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favorable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Hallo, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcass."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quickly responded to by the other gentlemen. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be hauled up by daybreak, as the Elnore pilot would come aboard during the night.

It was the morning of the 3d of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog, and illumined the roads of Elnore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favorable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the *Amazon*, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash tub, our clipper need not feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr. Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track, you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

Ever long we were under weigh, the *Black Hawk* obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, galleons, and other short built ships. We only left the *Amazon* ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Towards evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the *Amazon* in sight, and then went down to the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table with his head resting on his hand.

"Charles," he said, "I sent for you to have a little chat, for it is not pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts."

After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe, as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and while waiting for what was coming, I rolled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and busily so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began as follows:

"Charles, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig *Somers*, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the secretary of the navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the facts? The *Somers* was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterwards captured by a small off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, and the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New York. There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every day, for of course I was obliged to avoid the states. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousands dollars at the Havannah at monte. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte.' Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade

for the lazy Dona, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest niggers, my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those cursed government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known, when I read in the *New York Herald* the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that my captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the *Somers*, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonials which my old friends the Dona gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubloons, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society. I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-of-war, which were at that time threatening the German coast, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charles, that I had often before looked death in the face without winking. In this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as an instructor. Once at Bremen haven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognize me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charles, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his head back into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in those latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was no ordinary storm, with the thin zig-zag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunder storms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, home to the double reefed fore-topmast and fore-topmast stay-sail, or just enough canvas for the ship to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest burst above our heads, and the sky was for several hours an incessant sheet of fire, until the pouring rain extinguished its gleaming lights.

Morton was standing by my side on the quarter-deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian corvette, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us. It was a truly demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The *Amazon*, like our ship, displayed almost bare spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her bad build, while our ship heeled over gracefully on her larboard side. Towards morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us, for this purpose I went on the fore-castle and ordered my night glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the *Amazon* was obliged to leave the Skagerrack Reef six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr. Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and declared that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the matter up to," he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had not more sail we should have passed him long ago; the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton only know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr. Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compelled, under heavy punishment, to obey the captain's orders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went off with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the mean while dawn had arrived, and the grey clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see, about twenty miles from us, the Prussian corvette drifting ahead of us under bare poles, she had lost a topmast-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning stroke. The sea ran, however, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this anything but pleasing prospect through my telescope,

Morton came up to me, and pointing to the *Amazon*, said:

"Well, Charles, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a topmast-mast for him; that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had put tar-paulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow much harder, and the territory point of the Skagerrack Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships; with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and lashed by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-mangled prizes in a southeast storm; here, too, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Scandinavia to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessels which had left Elnore with us were all out of sight, and we were struggling alone with the *Amazon* to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavorable wind and a high running sea. At last, towards evening, when the long northern twilight was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagerrack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight; the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastern bound steamer. The barometer pointed to storm. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the night, ordered the men at the wheel not to let the corvette out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After the steward had again prepared punch for us, and the smoke of the Turkish tobacco once more surrounded us, he continued his narrative:

"Charles, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause I have to track that cursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at once a dull rumour spread that the German Parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the Princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a cradle of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the fleet sold by auction. Our admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations; but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our life was docketed. This broke his heart, and as I have since heard, he soon after died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the *Somers*, was certainly illegal, but if we had resisted in the present case, what would have been our side? Unfortunately, the promises which we were made to each other led to no result, because we had imported our plans to a false brother, a Seemann, who had been before expelled, because he had run ashore and lost a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still active conspiracy to an influential leader of the revolutionary party, through whom the admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrears were paid us, and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence the police, under orders from Berlin, burst into her room, examined her property and papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the flight, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charles, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp; it is then, for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

Here we were interrupted by a sudden noise, and the shout and stamping of the men on deck. We both hurried up, and found that the violence of the wind had torn our fore-topmast. The damage was not considerable, and was soon repaired; the ship was laid more to the north, and the watch were stringently ordered not to lose sight of the Prussian, which was now rising and sinking in the trough of the sea. We then went below again.

"Believe me, Charles," Morton said, "the more stormy the elements grow, the happier I feel. A wild delight comes over me when the storm rages, for it harmonises so well with my passions. Long live the tempest!" With these words he swallowed a bumper of the fiery liquid. "Ah," he continued, "if my wife still lived, I should be another man, but now I am forced back into my wild, desperate course, and my better feelings are deadened. After various changes of fortune, I at length went back to America, where I could reckon with tolerable certainty on not being recognized; and Senator —, for whom I had fetched many a cargo of cigars from the African coast while he was the partner of a Spanish Don at the Havannah, though he was now the lowest bravo among the abolitionists, gave me out of friendship, or perhaps through fear, lest I should blow on him, the command of the *Black Hawk*. In Petersburg I met with an old acquaintance, a Prussian, who had formerly known me in the German navy, where he was a commissary of war. He gave me letters of introduction to two German noblemen in Copenhagen, and they were the two persons with whom I had such repeated conferences."

At this moment our vessel groaned again,

through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so heightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skagerrack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Towards morning, when the whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the *Amazon*. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be laboring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few sails were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the main-sail, so that the *Black Hawk* heeled over gracefully, and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the *Amazon*, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season, and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which seemed to rise above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for those latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about thirty miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr. Brown came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white capped waves. "Shall we take in the trysails, captain?"

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small sails aloft, and so soon as the stay-sail is drawn taught, run down the gaff and bring home the spinnaker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked so when he left the gangway."

That is his manner; the more the elements threaten, the more daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bows a half-bred sailor from Canada, with strict orders not to lose sight of the Prussian corvette. Scabbette, that was his name, had the best eyes aboard.

"Now, Mr. Whitfield, we will make all snug for the night. Reef the fore-topmast and mainmast properly; those, with the fore-sails, the fore-staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry."

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch below slept carelessly, confident in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

At six in the morning the tempest had reached its height. The lightning traversed the firmament in all directions, and the thunder overpowered the howling of the wind as it blew through the rigging. The sea beat violently against our bows, and dashed along as far as the quarter-deck, as the *Black Hawk* laboriously rose out of the water.

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the foremast entirely, and trust to the main-staysail," I said to the captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton re-

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said, after climbing up some half-dozen ratlines.

The sailor brought the glass, and the captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed:

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foremast stand, Mr. Brown; we will run down to the corvette at once."

The *Black Hawk* fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger: in less than half an hour we were within a mile of the *Amazon*.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both main-mast and mainmast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foremast, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in all His majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up the ratlines in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. With a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the *Amazon* suddenly ported her helm. Too late! a blow, a crash, a cry of terror, which rose above the raging tempest! Our bow had caught her exactly in the centre, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had hurled me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows, while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed: the bowsprit, which, with its supports, weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the cutwater. The carpenter, too, soon returned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then said:

"Charles, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning: you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, nay, I demand your invaluable silence. The law cannot touch me; remember that I am your captain, and that the regulations of Congress render any position unassailable."

With these words he turned away, carelessly took up a telescope, and surveyed the horizon, to see whether any sail were in sight. I went down to my cabin in a very desponding mood, and up to the present day I have been silent about a deed which was suggested by selfishness and revenge, and whose victims are eternally covered by the rolling waves.

So far the remarkable narrative of Charles Whitfield. Although we are not responsible for its truth, we thought it right to produce this explanation of a still mysterious and terrible catastrophe, for it reached us from a most trustworthy source. We may, at the same time, mention a few facts confirming the statement of our reporter to a certain extent. The *Margate* and *Deal* hove-liners spoke openly of the affair at the time, because they hailed a large Yankee clipper, with broken bowsprit and damaged bows, in the Channel, and their help was very roughly declined. Any one who lived in New York last winter will also know that it was publicly stated in all the coffee-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere that the *Amazon* was run down in the North Sea by an American, who had been bribed to do so in Copenhagen. A sailor, now stationed at Fort Monroe, on board

the Federal fleet, also described the catastrophe to the German soldiers there. The American press, too, noticed the circumstance, and the report can be easily found by a little search in the shipping intelligence of last year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

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MURFREESBORO.

The battle of Murfreesboro—for the three great contests on different days, were really only parts of one great battle—must take its rank among the principal conflicts of the war.

The advantage at first was so greatly on the side of the rebels, that their commander, Bragg—of late somewhat under a cloud in their estimation—in the exuberance of his joy, and true to his name, telegraphed to Richmond that he had won a victory. And we see it stated that on the night of Wednesday's battle, some of our own generals supposed Rosecrans would retreat. But he never entertained such an idea. After the rebels were gone, he was complimented for his tenacity. "Yes," said he, "I suppose you know Bragg is a good dog, but hold fast is a better." His troops now call him "Old Hold-fast," a title that will probably stick to him forever.

When the crisis of the conflict came, the cause of the Union fortunately had in the right place the right man to meet it. And the victorious and yelling legions of the rebels, were met by fresh columns, and forced to fly back into their lines—such of them as were able—even more rapidly than they left them.

The result was the evacuation of Murfreesboro by Bragg, and the retreat of his troops to Shelbyville. In justice to them it must be said that their retreat seems to have been made in good order—and they claim to have carried with them, as the result of their first successes, "4,000 prisoners, 5,000 stand of small arms, and 21 pieces of cannon."

But not the less were they defeated. And that defeat will be more important to the Union cause than the capture of tens of thousands of prisoners, and hundreds of pieces of artillery, if it succeeds in giving us East Tennessee—from which loyal country, the *Richmond Examiner* says, General Rosecrans could not, once in possession, be driven by 200,000 men.

The Richmond papers are not a little severe upon Gen. Bragg for his failure to defeat Rosecrans—though he really did the best he could, and made a very good fight of it. The *Dispatch* ironically says that "retired" is the "fashionable phrase" on their side in such cases, as "a change of base" is on ours. While the *Richmond Examiner* vents its impatience and disappointment as follows:—

So far the news has come in what may be called the classical style of the South-West. When the South-Western army fights a battle, we first hear that it has gained one of the most stupendous victories on record; that regiments from Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, &c., have exhibited an irresistible and superhuman valor, unknown in history since the days of Sparta and Rome. As for the generals, they usually get their clothes shot off, and replace them with a suit of glory. The enemy is, of course, simply annihilated. Next day more dispatches come, still very good, but not quite so good as the first. The telegrams of the third day are invariably such as to make a mist, a riddle and a fog of the whole affair.

But we are still assured that our troops are victorious; and only after several days more does the unpleasant truth leak out that they are not quite victorious, but have, in fact, lost a little ground, after gaining some very brilliant success. So far as we know anything about the battle of Murfreesboro, it is the parallel and repetition of Shiloh. Even the number of prisoners are given in the same figures. But we have not yet come to hope for something to break the melancholy monotony, and therefore dismiss this unpleasant theme for the present with as little reluctance as the reader may imagine.

Such language is very amusing, and provocative of laughter, to all loyal men. To the rebels it is probably more provocative of profanity, a vice to which they are sadly addicted, than of anything more innocent.

At the last advices, Gen. Rosecrans was following up the advantage he had gained. Properly managed, it is to be hoped that the great victory of Murfreesboro will give the whole of Tennessee to the Union, and force the war in the West into the strictly Cotton States, where it properly belongs.

POVERTY.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as a millionaire.

If the "poor man" whose "purse is empty," has a number of bills to pay, and knows not where to get the money to do it with, we do not believe that he has a particle of gold in the sunset, or a half-dime of silver in the moon. Thomas Carlyle says in one of his works, that poverty, from the common English point of view, means "hell." And we think that is a great deal truer, if not so pretty, as three-fourths of the nonsense that

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound no dream,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his car against the gnarled bole,
Crosses himself and whispers: "A lost soul!"

"No, never, not a bird. I know it well—
It is the pained soul of some inmate
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell."

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer."

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother
No prayer for him who, slinging unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Leading new horror to that inhuman cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the bonfire; shadows deepen
round,
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all: Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!"

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there."

Through sin of sense, perversity of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and
shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"And Thou canst make, Eternal Source and
Goal!
In Thy long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

"Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Exploration
of the Amazon has a striking description of the
peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by
night on the shores of the river. The Indian
guides call it 'The cry of a lost soul!'"

—Independent.

WINNING A HUSBAND.

Fifty or sixty years ago, Ireland might be
called the classic land of the duello, where
men fought their way to eminence even in
peaceful professions, and could only hope to
retain it by the same unhesitating spirit. It
is not generally known, however, that this
same recklessness was occasionally engendered
in the bosoms of the fairer sex, partly, as it
may be supposed, from the fact of hearing
their male relatives speak of duelling as a
matter of course, which no man either wished
or hoped to avoid, and partly from the rol-
licking sort of life and imperfect education
which at that period even females of the up-
per classes led and received. Faulty and to
be deprecated, however, as this feeling might
be, in one instance it had a fortunate result,
and procured for the Irish peerage one of
its afterwards most brilliant and respected
matrons.

The matter happened thus:

Near one of the principal western towns
and seaports resided the respectable family
of the B's—; and at the time we speak
of, their house was blessed with one fair
daughter, and no more. Miss Christine
B— was a belle, a beauty, and the spoiled
doting of a quiet, easy-tempered father and
mother, who allowed her in everything to
have her own way. She was a very lovely,
high-spirited girl, rendered inordinately vain
by admiration and parental indulgence; and
so proud of her own peerless attractions, as
to fancy that no station or rank was too high
for her to hope to reach. With such man-
ifold means of conquest of course she was
surrounded by admirers wherever she went;
and although now and then she condescended
to give a certain amount of encouragement to
some of them, still, when they pressed for a
final answer, it always was given in a way
fatal to their hopes. Hence it was that after
a season or two she had earned for herself
the name of a heartless coquette, whose sole
aim was to amuse herself at the expense of
others. Her popularity did not diminish,
however, as her respectability was undoubted
and her social talents great; and, on the
whole, she was regarded as one who pos-
sessed many good and amiable traits to coun-
terbalance her more obvious and distasteful
ones.

About this time there arrived on a sport-
ing visit to one of her friends a young gentle-
man who was both an "honorable" and a
"M. P." He was the only son of a noble
man of great wealth and ancient title, and
was perfectly alive to the value which these
claims gave him to the consideration of
others and to his own self-esteem. He was
very young, not more than three-and-twenty,
and looked to be even younger than he was;
for he was slim, not tall, and with delicate
features, and particularly light hair. He was
handsome enough to be admired by those
who were influenced by his rank and expec-
tations, and in his own esteem he was un-
doubtedly to have no superior. Soon after his
arrival in her neighborhood he was intro-
duced to the fair Christine, and from that
moment became her shadow. At first she
avoided him, and treated him coldly, speak-

ing of him slightly, and ridiculing his pre-
tensions to be considered as either a very
agreeable or a very fortunate man; for in his
lower moments he had spoken freely to his
companions of his wonderful success as a
lover, and of the many conquests he had
made. Miss B— had heard from the
sister of one of his male friends, that he had
even gone so far as to set her down as one of
the list of the vanquished, and had laid a
wager that before he left the country he
would bring the universal conqueror to his
feet—not with the idea of marrying, but of
laughing at her. Strange to say, however,
the information thus given her as a warning
had an effect on her contrary to that which
it was expected it would; she kept mind to
herself, but from that time forward it was
evident that she was gradually yielding to
the fascinations of the Honorable George,
and was unwittingly creeping within the
treacherous folds which he meant to en-
velop her. She rode out with him alone,
talked to him in preference to others, dis-
missed partners in the ball room to become
his, sang when he asked her, and in point of
fact, appeared to be fast approaching to that
stage of devotion to which it was his aim to
bring her. When this had gone on for some
weeks, he began to feel that he had suffi-
ciently proved his power, and showed a wish
to "draw off." His fair friend, however,
either did not understand these recalcitrant
symptoms, or did not wish to countenance
them. Nevertheless, she took no umbrage at
his new coldness, and still continued to seek
his society and to claim his attention as usual.
At length, as if wearied by her persevering
affection—which no effort, almost no insult
on his part apparently could diminish—he
announced at a dinner party at which they
both were, that he was about to leave his
Western friends in a day or two. To this
Miss B— made no demur, and offered no
opposition; neither did her spirits flag, nor
was she seen to drop a single tear, or spoil
her beautiful brow by a frown. It was even
remarked that her spirits on that evening
were higher than usual, in proof of which
she made a point of somewhat departing
from feminine timidity, and showing her
power in unaccustomed ways. For instance,
gratifying to the Honorable George's annoyance
(who thought himself the magnet of atten-
tion), she followed the gentlemen into the
billiard room, with two or three of her young
lady friends, and insisted on playing a game
with him. She beat him, too; and this only
added to his disgust. Tired of this mouse-
ment, the gentlemen proposed to adjourn to
the shooting gallery, in order to determine a
disputed point. Hither also Miss B—
and her lady friends persisted in following
them, very much to the delight of every one
but the Honorable George. Almost as they
entered the gallery, he ventured a reproach
to her in an undertone by saying that he had
hardly expected to find her sympathizing in
so very unfeminine a pursuit. This did not
repress her ardor, and she answered lightly
that it was evident he did not know either
her habits or her tastes, or he would not
have been astonished at anything she did.
After saying which, she proceeded towards a
rack where several pairs of pistols hung, and
choosing one of them, whilst she handed him
another—or, at least, offered it for his accep-
tance—she challenged him to shoot with her
at the target which stood at the bottom of
the room. This she did amidst the loud ap-
plause of her male friends, who saw nothing
disrespectable or unfeminine in her challenge.
Her lover, however, still held back.

"I fear, Mr. B—," she said to him
"that you are only a carpet knight, and that
any conquest you will ever make will be in
other fields than those of Mars. Come, take
your pistol, and do not be afraid of so weak
a foe as I am. I will wager this pretty brooch
of mine against your brilliant, so that, wher-
ever I win or lose, you will still dwell in my
remembrance forever."

Guided into compliance, he bowed at last,
and said that even the whims of so fair an
opponent must be humored.

The first shot was conceded to her, and she
just missed the bull's-eye, but touched it out-
ward circle.

"I will be better the next time," she said,
quietly handing her pistol to be reloaded,
"as I see where my error lies. I ought to
have done better, however; only, as papa
says, my pistol hand is a little rusty."

The Honorable George followed, but with a
less steady aim. He was within the mark,
and was laughed at for his failure by all but
Miss B—.

"Nay, gentlemen!" she said, easily, "do
not blame him, for evidently his practice has
been in drawing rooms, not in shooting gal-
leries. Look, Mr. B—," she went on,
addressing him; "you depressed your weapon
upon a thought too low, and a point blank
aim, like a point-blank intention, is the
surest way to escape disaster. Watch me,
and if you are wise take example by what I
shall do."

This time she pierced the very heart of the
mark, and that done, she flung aside the
weapon.

"Now I shall go and have my tea," she
said, entwining the waist of one of her young
friends caressingly; "and having conquered
Mr. B— on two different occasions, I
have reason to be amply satisfied."

It was observed that during the remainder
of the evening the Honorable George was
much more respectful to her than he had
been for a week before.

A day or two passed over, during which
the Honorable George and Miss B— did
not meet. It was understood, however, that
he was about to leave the neighborhood on
the next morning, and on the evening pre-
vious he was returning from paying a fare-
well visit to a family on the outskirts of the
town, when, at a turn of the lonely road, he
was met by Miss B— on horseback. He
was about to pass her with a bow, when she
turned her horse's head and rode beside him.
"You are about to leave us to-morrow, I
understand, Mr. B—," she said at last,
after waiting a minute or two for his address.

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do
so," he replied.

"You will go away richer than you came,
I hope?"

"Richer in friends, certainly," with a bow.
"And—in beta, too, or I am greatly misin-
formed," she said, gravely.

"I do not understand you, Miss B—."

"I thought you would not, sir," she said,
more seriously than before. "I do not won-
der that you should study to forget what no
honorable or upright man would like to re-
member. Answer me, if you please, and
pray endeavor to go as straight to the mark
as I did the other evening. You sought my
acquaintance, and you persisted in your ad-
vances when they were distasteful to me;
dare you say why?"

"I—I admire you—as a friend."

"You followed me, sir," she went on, "and
insisted on showering these attentions on me,
which, from a man to a woman, may be
taken in either of two ways—that is, either
as the token of love or the greatest of com-
pliments. Which of these was your mean-
ing, Mr. B—?"

"Not as beauty, certainly."

"I am glad to hear it, sir, for your own
sake," she perceived. "Why, then, did
you make a bet of a hundred pounds that
you would conquer and bring me to your
feet? Play, do not deny the fact, or you will
force me to tell the gentleman with whom
you made it that you have branded him as a
liar by saying what was not the fact."

The Honorable George was struck dumb.
"I am glad to see, sir, that you have pen-
itence enough left to be silent," she said.
"And now listen to me, Mr. B—; for your
own disreputable amusement you have
ventured to trifle with my feelings, car-
less whether my reputation should suffer or my
peace of mind be gone. I have no brother
to protect me from such unbecoming attempts,
nor would I ask him even if I had, as I am
quite able to protect myself. You owe me
reparation for this inexcusable wrong, and I
beg leave to tell you, calmly and dispa-
sionately, that the debt must be paid, and that
until it is so you shall not leave this neigh-
borhood unpunished. What form it shall
take, sir, I leave to your own heart and judg-
ment; but to determine, but I solemnly warn you
that no mode of escape open to you shall be
available until my friends are well assured
that I have no further reason to complain.
Should I not have a full and satisfactory ex-
planation to-night, I shall deal with you in
another manner before you commence your
journey to-morrow, and should you prefer a
distant retreat in the dark to a more hon-
orable course of proceeding, be assured, sir,
that I shall find means to reach you, wher-
ever you will."

She turned her horse, broke into a gallop,
and left her lover in a maze.

The course she took might have been a
doubtful one with many, but she had ac-
tually gauged her man, and knew the treat-
ment necessary for his constitution. He went
home, pondered deeply, and long before mid-
night Miss B— was favored with a re-
spectful letter, in which was contained an
offer of his hand.

It may seem curious, but the offer was ac-
cepted. Perhaps Miss B— believed that
under the mask of selfish vanity, Mr. B—
really was at heart a very fine fellow; or, it
may be, that she loved him, without sense or
reason, as is not at all uncommon in the
affairs of the heart. As the poet says—

"Why did she love him? curious folk, he still,
Is human love the growth of human will?"

Or it may be—though we hesitate to believe it
of so high-spirited a girl, that the position,
and not the man, was the chief attraction.

PEWS.

In Anglo-Saxon and some northern churches
of early date, a stone bench was made to pro-
tect within the wall, running around the
whole interior except the east end.

In 1319 they are represented as sitting on
the ground or standing. About this time the
people introduced low, rude, three-legged
benches pronounced over the church.

Wooden seats were introduced soon after
the Norman conquest. In 1327 a decree was
issued in regard to the wrangling for seats,
so common that none could call any seat his
own except noblemen and patrons, each en-
tering and holding the one he first occupied.

As we approach the reformation, 1530 to
1540, seats were more appropriated, the en-
tire being guarded by cross bars and the
pew letters engraved on them.

Immediately after the reformation the pew
system prevailed, as we learn from a com-
plaint of the poor Commons addressed to
Henry VIII. in 1540, in reference to his de-
cree that a Bible should be in every church at
least for all to read, because they thought
it might be taken into the "qu" or "pue."
In 1608, pews were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to
afford comfort by being balied or cushioned;
while the sides around were so high as to
hide those within—a device of the Puritans
to avoid being seen by the officers, who re-
ported those who did not stand when the
name of Jesus was pronounced. The ser-
vices were very much protracted, so that
many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pity
allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode
Compact, of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

With the reign of Charles I., the reason for
heightening the sides disappeared; and from
the civil war they gradually declined to their
present height.

To possess rage in these days is to
afford evidence of the possession of wealth;
and a garret full of old newspapers, pam-
phlets, and so forth, is a small place. Rage
and respectability have at last come together.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

"Belinda (Jefferson's first love) had been
married four years, and her old admirer was
approaching thirty, when he met with a
young lady of twenty-two, who produced a
strong impression upon him. She was a little
above the medium height, slender, but elegantly
formed. A fair complexion, with a deli-
cate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of
life and feeling; and luxuriant hair, of a rich,
soft auburn, formed a combination of attrac-
tions which were eminently calculated to
move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In
addition to this, the lady was admirably
graceful; she rode, danced and moved with
easy ease, and sang and played on the
harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these
a consummation of the possession of excellent
good sense, very considerable cultivation, a
warm, loving heart, and last, though not least,
notable talents for house-keeping, and it will
not be difficult to understand how the youth-
ful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently
at the lady's residence, in the country of
Charles City. It was called "The Forest,"
and the name of the lady was Mrs. Maria
Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles,
an eminent lawyer, and had married in her
seventeenth year Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who,
dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at
nineteen.

Three years of mourning began to expire,
and the beautiful young lady found herself
besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visi-
tors. Of these, three were favorites with the
fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas
Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that
the pretensions of the rivals were decided
by the music of the violins of the young
cousin, or by the fears of his opponents.
The tale is difficult to relate. One version
is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen en-
countered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-
step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and
voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic
song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and
retired without entering, convinced that the
affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the
door, and agreed that they would take their
turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the
tones of the lady in singing with her com-
panion deprived the listeners of all hope.
However this may be, it is certain that the
beautiful widow consented to become Mrs.
Jefferson; and on the first day of January,
1772, there was a great festival at "The
Forest." Friends and kindred assembled
from far and near—there was frolicking and
dancing after the abundant old fashion—and
we find from the bridegroom's note book,
that the servants and fiddlers received fees
from his especial pocket.

It snowed without, but within all was mirth
and enjoyment, in the light and warth of
the great log fires, roaring in honor of the oc-
casion. Soon after the performance of the
ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set
out in their carriage for "Monticello,"
where Mr. Jefferson had commenced build-
ing in 1769, just before the destruction by fire
of his paternal home of "Shadwell." The
journey was not to end without adventures.

As they advanced towards the mountains
the snow increased in depth, and finally they
were compelled to leave the carriage, and
proceed on their way on horse-back, stopping
to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter,
where he found, however, no one but an
overseer. They left at nine, and reached
Monticello before night. It was
eight miles distant, and the road, which was
rather a mountain bridge-path than an honest
highway, was encumbered with snow three
feet deep. They may fancy the sensations of
the newly-wedded bride at the chill appear-
ance of the desolate landscape, as she passed
along through the snow; but she was a wo-
man of courage and good sense, and did not
care for inconvenience.

It was late when they arrived, and a cheer-
less reception awaited them—or rather, there
was no reception at all. The fires were all
out, the servants had gone to bed, and the
place was as dark and silent as the grave.
Conducting his wife to the little pavilion,
which was the only part of the house habi-
table at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to
do the honors. On a shelf, behind some
books, part of a bottle of wine was discover-
ed, and this formed the supper of the bride-
groom and bride. Far from being annoyed
or disappointed by their reception, however,
it only served for a topic of jest and laugh-
ter. The young lady was merry and light-
hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice
ringing through the dreary little pavilion as
gayly as she had ever done in the cheerful
drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the
long hours of the winter night fled away like
minutes, winged with laughter, merriment
and song. The vigil was a merry incident
rather than a trial of their constancy. They
were young—and they had just been married.
When hands are clasped, and hearts beat
close together, there is very little gloom in
darkness, and winter nights are not cold.
This little moral sentiment will not, I hope,
be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity
of history." It doubtless explains how a
young lady and gentleman, both used to
every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy
little pavilion, in the midst of three feet of
snow, neither dark nor cold on that January
night long ago.

WHY BOILING MILK FOAMS.
When milk is boiled its volume is very
much enlarged, while water merely bubbles
without any increase in bulk; why is it that
the two liquids, under the same circumstances,
behave so differently?

When water is gradually heated to the
boiling point, the portion nearest the fire first
reaches the temperature of 212 degrees, and
the first particle that is heated to this degree
is immediately converted into steam. As in
its new form its volume is about 1,700 fold
greater than in the liquid state, while its
weight remains the same, it floats upward
through the water, being held in a nearly
spherical shape by the nearly equal pressure

of the water against all its sides. When it
reaches the surface it is lighter than air, and
consequently floats away in the atmosphere,
and being invisible, it is lost to our sight. The
rapid formation of these little globes of steam,
and their rising through the water, produce
that peculiar disturbance of the liquid which
we call ebullition or boiling.

When milk is boiled, the same little globes
of steam are formed, but their surface is
coated with an exceedingly thin film of the
casein, which is one of the constituents of
milk, and which has sufficient tenacity to pre-
vent the bubbles from breaking when they
reach the surface, or from being separated
from the liquid. They consequently accumu-
late as they successively rise to the sur-
face, forming the white foam which so fre-
quently flows over the edge of the vessel into
the fire.—Scientific American.

WEDDING WORDS.

A jewel for my lady's ear,
A jewel for her finger fine,
A diamond for her bosom dear,
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
Dear looks around her form to twine,
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
Her dear lips, that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
Of how my lot she's made divine;
Dear silences, my love that show
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares lest clouds should shade her way,
That gladden only on her shine,
That she be happy as the May,
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,
And tender thoughts, and dreams divine,
To feed with perfect joy the wife
Whose happiness is mine.

BOOTS AND SHOES—WARM FEET.

Those who have half a dozen active chil-
dren, more or less, to keep shod, have prob-
ably found out ere this, that leather has
gone up in price almost (but not quite) as
rapidly as printing paper. If any one can
tell us how to get cheap shoes, or any kind of
shoes that will not cost about a dollar a
month for each youngster, he will confer a
special favor, and we will hasten to publish
the fact for the benefit of the rest of man-
kind. Much can be done to lessen the ex-
pense of shoe-leather, even at the present
prices, by judicious selection and proper care
of boots and shoes. A great mistake is made
in buying thin shoes, with thin soles, for
girls, while boys are provided with thick-
soled high boots. A pair of strong boots will
last a girl longer than several pairs of thin
ones, and will allow her to enjoy the air and
exercise which are necessary to health.
There is no reason why the feet of girls and
women should be more thinly clad than those
of boys and men—"Fashion kills more than
the sword."

Some of the means taken to preserve
leather are injurious to it, while others are
injurious to the feet. It is not desirable that
a boot should be thoroughly waterproof;
when this is the case, the perspiration is con-
fined, and the feet rendered uncomfortable
and unhealthy. The "waterproof" or varnish
blackings, so frequently used, is injurious to
the leather, rendering it less pliable. It con-
fines the perspiration, and keeps the feet cold
by making the leather and stocking better
conductors of heat. All those preparations
which claim to render leather waterproof
should be discarded. The method which we
have found most satisfactory is to apply
melted tallow freely to the soles of the boots
and shoes, and to the upper leather about an
inch high around the soles. In this way the
greater part of the upper leather is left in its
natural condition, and will allow the perspi-
ration to escape through the pores, while the
soles are kept pliable and waterproof. The
application of hot tar, as recommended in an
article going the rounds of the press, makes
the sole leather stiff, and, being unyielding, it
wears off in contact with stones and frozen
ground more rapidly than when rendered
pliable by tallow. Neat's foot oil, when ac-
cessible, is preferable to tallow. When one
is walking or working in deep snow or mud,
it may be necessary to apply a single coat of
grease or oil over the whole upper leather.
We have found from experience that un-
greased boots and shoes last much longer,
and are more comfortable than those made
air and waterproof by oil or by impervious
blackings.

Keep the head cool and the feet warm,
is a trite prescription for health. The feet
are always in a colder atmosphere near the
ground, as well as exposed to dampness;
and, worse than all, a foolish Chinese fashion,
requires them to be cramped in shoes too
small to admit free circulation of the blood,
which is the source, or rather the conveyor
of animal heat. Special care is therefore
needed to keep them warm. India-rubber
over-shoes are very good if worn only out of
doors, and removed when coming in. Sand-
als, open over the foot are best, except when
obliged to wade in snow or mud. Nothing
contributes more to health and comfort than
a frequent change of stockings. When stop-
ping exercise at the close of a day's work, we
invariably remove the socks filled with perspi-
ration through the day, and put on dry
ones for our long ride home to the country.
Much comfort, and greater freedom from
cold has resulted from this practice. The cur-
rent opinion, in some parts of the country, is,
that wet socks should be dried on the feet.
This is not philosophical.

AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY—
"Oh, mamma, I asked Miss Brown, what
dew is, she says it is the moisture imbibed by
plants during the summer months. Now,
mamma dear, dew is the condensation of
aqueous vapor by a body which has radiated
its atomic portion of caloric below the atmos-
pheric temperature."

A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

One of the gravest mistakes in our dress is
the very thin covering of our arms and legs.
No physiologist can doubt that the extremi-
ties require as much covering as the body. A
fruitful source of disease; of congestion in the
head, chest, and abdomen, is found in the
nakedness of the arms and legs, which pre-
vents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she
can do for her very thin arms. She says she
is ashamed of them. I felt of them through
the thin lace covering, and found them freez-
ing cold. I asked her what she supposed
would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she
replied. "Certainly, but exercise makes them
grow only by giving them more blood. Six
months of vigorous exercise would do less to
give those naked, cold arms circulation, than
would a single month, were they warmly
clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the
temperature of the muscles. A cold gymna-
sium is unprofitable. Its temperature should
be between sixty and seventy, or the limbs
should be warmly clothed. I know that our
servant girls and blacksmiths, by constant
and vigorous exercise, acquire large, fine
arms, in spite of their nakedness. And if
young ladies will labor as hard from morning
till night, as do these useful classes, they may
have as fine arms; but even then, it is doubt-
ful if they would get rid of their congestions
in the head, lungs, and stomach, without
more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circula-
tion. Every living thing that has the lat-
ter, has the former. Put your hand under
your dress upon your body. Now put your
hand upon your arm. If you find the body is
warmer than the arm, you have lost the equi-
librium of circulation. The head has too
much blood, producing headache or sense of
fullness; or the chest has too much blood,
producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the
side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stom-
ach has too much blood, producing indiges-
tion; or the liver has too much blood, pro-
ducing some disturbance; or the bowels have
too much blood, producing constipation or
diarrhea. Any or all of these difficulties are
temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet
or hands in hot water, and they are perma-
nently relieved by such dress and exercise of
the extremities as will make the derivation
permanent.

Again I say, the extremities require as
much clothing as the body. Women should
dress their arms and legs with one or two
thicknesses of knit woollen garments which
fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing
sleeves and wide-spread skirts, I will not dis-
cuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may
not become accustomed to exposure like the
face? I answer, God has provided the face
with an immense circulation, because it must
be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris declared,
just before his death, "I believe that during
the twenty-six years I have practised my pro-
fession in this city, twenty thousand children
have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice
to the absurd custom of naked arms." When
in Harvard, many years ago, I heard the dis-
tinguished Dr. J. C. Warren say, "Boston
sacrifices five hundred babies every year, by
not clothing their arms." Those little arms
should have thick, knit, woollen, warm
sleeves extending from the shoulder to the
hand.—Dio Lewis, M. D.

PROPERTIES OF DEW.

Dews and rains have quaintly been called
"the washwoman of the atmosphere." They
bring back to mother Earth all the ex-
halations from men, animals, and plants;
these exhalations consequent upon both
growth and decay, are very great in quan-
tity, and are thus returned to the soil. A
commencement of showers the falling
rain is very foul, being highly charged with
gasses derived as above; after a few minutes
the rain water is of greater purity. Dews
are always foul, and any person who will
collect and taste the dew, can readily dis-
cover this fact. The poet may enlarge on the
purity of "the dew drop on the rose," but the
chemist knows better. The properties of
dew as compared with rain, will be better
understood by the following, from the new
edition of *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"The chief facts to be accounted for are
these:—1st. Dew (as distinguished from small
rain or the moisture produced by visible fog)
is never deposited except on a surface colder
than the air. 2d. It is never deposited in
cloudy weather; and so strict is its connec-
tion with the clear sky

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read a volume of the Law, in which it said, "No man shall look upon my face and live." And as he read, he prayed that God would give his faithful servant grace with mortal eye To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the sage, And lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age, He saw the Angel of Death before him stand, Holding a naked sword in his right hand. Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man, Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran. With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near, When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee." Replied the Rabbi, "Let those living eyes First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, And rising, and uplifting his grey head, "Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said, "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way." The Angel smiled and hastened to obey, Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, And set him on the wall, whence gazing down, Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes, Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord The Rabbi leaped with the Death Angel's sword, And through the streets there swept a sudden breath Of something there unknown, which men call death. Meanwhile the Angel stayed without and cried, "Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,

"No! in the name of God, whom I adore, I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "Oh, Holy One, See what the son of Levi here has done! The Kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence, And in Thy name refuses to go hence!" The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth; Didst ever the son of Levi break his oath? Let him remain; for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not die." Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath, "Give back the sword, and let me go my way," Whereat the Rabbi paused and answered "Nay! Anguish enough already has it caused Among the sons of men!" And while he paused, He heard the awful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer! Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear, No human eye shall look on it again; But when thou takest away the souls of men, Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword, Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore, And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

—Atlantic Monthly.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

WAS IT A SPECTRE?

If the fair forms crowding to the fête at Decima Hall had but known how near that fête was to being shorn of its master's presence, they had gone less hopefully. Scarcely one of the dowagers and chaperones bidden to it but cast a longing eye to the heir, for their daughter's sake; scarcely a daughter but experienced a fluttering of the heart, as the lordly young man presented himself that night as the chosen partner of Sir Edmund Hantley; and—perhaps—for the long night of the future. But when the clock struck six that evening, Sir Edmund Hantley had not arrived.

Miss Hantley was in a fever, as nearly in one as it is in the nature of a cold single lady of fifty-eight to get, when some overwhelming disappointment falls abruptly. According to arranged plans, Sir Edmund was to have been at home by middle day, crossing by the night boat from the Continent. Middle day came and went; afternoon came and went; evening came—and he had not come. Miss Hantley would have set the telegraph to work, had she known where to set it to.

But good luck was in store for her. A train, arriving between six and seven, brought him; and his carriage—the carriage of his late father, which had been waiting at the station since eleven o'clock in the morning—conveyed him home.

Very considerably astonished was Sir Edmund to find the programme which had been carved out for the night's amusement. He did not like it; it jarred upon his sense of propriety; and he spoke a hint of this to Miss Hantley. It was the death of his father which had called him home; a father with whom he had lived for the last few years of his life upon terms of estrangement—at any rate, on one point: was it really that his imagination should be one of pique? Yes, Miss Hantley decidedly answered. Their friends were not meeting to bewail Sir Edmund's death; that took place months ago; but to welcome him, Sir Edmund's return, and his entrance on his inheritance.

Sir Edmund—a sunny-tempered, yielding man, the very opposite in spirit to his dead father, to his live aunt—conceded the point:

doing it with all the better grace, perhaps, that there was now no help for it. In an hour or two the guests would be arriving. Miss Hantley inquired curiously as to the point upon which he and Sir Rufus had been at issue: she had never been able to learn it from Sir Rufus. Neither did it now appear that she was likely to learn it from Sir Edmund. It was a private matter, he said, a smile crossing his lips as he spoke: one entirely between himself and his father, and he could not speak of it. It had driven him abroad, she believed, Miss Hantley remarked, vexed that she was still to remain in the dark. Yes, acquiesced Sir Edmund: it had driven him abroad and kept him there.

He was ready, and stood in his place to receive his guests; a tall man, of some five-and-thirty years, with a handsome face and pleasant smile upon it. He greeted his old friends cordially, those with whom he had been intimate, and was laughing and talking with the Countess of Elmsley when the announcement "Lady and Miss Verner" caught his ear.

It caused him to turn abruptly. Breaking off in the midst of a sentence, he quitted the Countess and went to meet those who had entered. Lady Verner's greeting was a somewhat elaborate one, and she looked round impatiently for Decima.

She stood in the shade behind her mother. Decima, was that Decima? What had she done to her cheeks? They wore the crimson hectic which were all too characteristic of Sibylla's. Sir Edmund took her hand.

"I trust you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you," was her murmured answer, drawing away the hand which had hardly touched his.

Nothing could be more quiet than the meeting, nothing more simple than the words spoken: nothing, it may be said, more commonplace. But that Decima was suffering from some intense agitation, there could be no doubt; and the next moment her face had turned of that same ghastly hue which had startled her brother Lionel when he was handing her into the carriage. Sir Edmund continued speaking with them a few minutes, and then was called off to receive other guests.

"Have you forgotten how to dance, Edmund?"

The question came from Miss Hantley, disturbing him as he made the centre of a group to whom he was speaking of his Indian life.

"I don't suppose I have," he said, turning to her. "Why?"

"People are thinking so," said Miss Hantley. "The music has been bursting out into fresh attempts this last half hour, and impatience is getting irritable. They cannot begin, Edmund, without you. Your partner is waiting."

"My partner?" reiterated Sir Edmund. "I have asked nobody yet."

"But I have for you. At least, I have as good as done it. Lady Constance—"

"Oh, my dear aunt, you are very kind," he hastily interrupted; "but when I do dance—which is of rare occurrence—I like to choose my own partner. I must do so now."

"Well, take care, then," was the answer of Miss Hantley, not deeming it necessary to drop her voice in the least. "The room is anxious to see upon whom it will be fixed: it may be a type, they are saying, of what another choice of yours may be."

Sir Edmund laughed good humoredly, making a joke of the allusion. "Then I must walk round deliberately and look out for myself—as it is said some of our royal regiments have done. Thank you for the hint."

But, instead of walking round deliberately, Sir Edmund Hantley walked direct to one point of the room, halting before Lady Verner and Decima. He bent to the former, speaking a few words in a joking tone.

"I am bound to fix upon a partner, Lady Verner. May it be your daughter?"

Lady Verner looked at Decima. "She so seldom dances. I do not think you will persuade her."

"I think I can," he softly said, holding out his arm. And Decima rose and put hers into it without a word.

"How capricious she is!" remarked Lady Verner to the Countess of Elmsley, who was sitting next her. "If I had pressed her she would probably have said no. As she has done so many times."

He took his place at the head of the room, Decima by his side in her white silk robes. Decima with her wondrous beauty, and the hectic on her cheeks again. Many an envious pair of eyes were cast to her. "That dreadful old maid, Decima Verner!" were amongst the compliments launched at her. "She to marry him! How had my Lady Verner contrived to manoeuvre for it?"

But Sir Edmund did not appear dissatisfied with his partner, if the room was. He paid a year's deal more attention to her than he did to the dance; the latter he put out more than once, his head and eyes being bent, whispering to Decima. Before the dance was over the hectic on her cheeks had grown deeper.

"Are you afraid of the night air?" he asked, leading her through the conservatory to the door at its other end.

"No. It never hurts me."

It proceeded along the gravel path round to the other side of the house: there he opened the glass doors of a room and entered it. It led into another, bright with fire.

"It is my own sitting room," he observed. "Nobody will intrude upon us here."

Taking up the poker, he stirred the fire into a blaze. Then he put it down and turned to her, as she stood on the hearth-rug.

"Decima!"

It was only a simple name; but Sir Edmund's whole frame was quivering with emotion as he spoke it. He clasped her to him with a strangely fond gesture, and bent his face on hers.

"I left my farewell on your lips when I quitted you, Decima. I must take my well-

She burst into tears as she clung to him. "Sir Rufus sent for me when he was dying," she whispered. "Edmund, he said he was sorry to have opposed you; he said he would not if the time could come over again."

"I know it," he answered. "I have his full consent; nay, his blessing. They are but a few words, but they were the last he ever wrote. You shall see them, Decima; he calls you my future wife, Lady Hantley. Oh, my darling! what a long, a cruel separation it has been!"

Ay! far more long, more cruel for Decima than for him. She was feeling it bitterly now, as the tears poured down her face. Sir Edmund placed her in a chair. He hung over her scarcely less agitated than she was, soothing her with all the fondness of his true heart, with the sweet words she had once known so well. He turned to the door when she grew calmer.

"I am going to bring Lady Verner. It is time she knew it."

Not through the garden this time, but through the open passages of the house, lined with servants, went Sir Edmund. Lady Verner was in the seat where they left her. He made his way to her, and held his arm out that she might take it.

"Will you allow me to monopolize you for a few minutes?" he said. "I have a tale to tell in which you may feel interested."

"About India?" she asked, as she rose. "I suppose you used to meet some of my old friends there?"

"Not about India," he answered, leading her from the room. "India can wait. About some one nearer and dearer to us than any now in India. Lady Verner, when I asked you just now to permit me to fix upon your daughter as a partner, I could have added for life. Will you give me Decima?"

Had Sir Edmund Hantley asked for herself, Lady Verner could scarcely have been more astonished. He poured into her ear the explanation, the whole tale of their old love, the inveterate opposition to it of Sir Rufus—which had driven him abroad.

"It was that caused you to exile yourself?" she reiterated in her amazement.

"It was, Lady Verner. Marry in opposition to my father, I would not—and had I been willing to brave him, Decima would not. So I left my home; I left Decima; my father perfectly understanding that our engagement existed still; that it only lay in abeyance until happier times. When he was dying, he repented of his harshness, and recalled his interdiction; by letter to me, personally to Decima. He died with a blessing for us both on his lips. Jan can tell you so."

"What has Jan to do with it?" exclaimed Lady Verner.

"Sir Rufus made a confidant of Jan, and charged him with the message to me. It was Jan who enclosed to me the few words my father was able to trace."

"I think Jan might have imparted the secret to me," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "It is just like ungrateful Jan."

"Jan ungrateful?—never!" spoke Sir Edmund, warmly. "There's not a truer heart breathing than Jan's. It was not his secret, and I expect he did not consider himself at liberty to tell even you. Decima would have imparted it to you years ago, when I went away, but for one thing."

"What may that have been?" asked Lady Verner.

"Because we feared, she and I, that your pride would be so wounded, and not unjustly, at my father's unreasonable opposition, that you might, in retaliation, forbid the alliance, then and always. You see I am candid, Lady Verner. I can afford to be, can I not?"

"Decima ought to have told me," was all the reply given by Lady Verner.

"And Decima would have told you, at all hazards, but for my urgent entreaties. The blame is wholly mine, Lady Verner. You must forgive me."

"In what lay the objection of Sir Rufus?" she asked.

"I honestly believe that it arose entirely from that dogged self-will—may I be forgiven for speaking thus?—recently of my dead father!—which was his great characteristic through life. It was I who chose Decima, not he; and therefore my father opposed it. To Decima and to Decima's family he could not have any possible objection—in fact he had not. But he liked to oppose his will to mine. I—if I know anything of myself—am the very reverse of self-willed, and I had always yielded to him. No question, until this, had ever arisen that was of vital importance to my life and its happiness."

"Sir Rufus may have resented her want of fortune," remarked Lady Verner.

"I think not. He was not a covetous or a selfish man; and our revenues are such that I can make ample settlements on my wife. No, it was the self-will. But it is all over, and I can openly claim her. You will give her to me, Lady Verner?"

"I suppose I must," was the reply of my lady. "But people have been calling her an old maid."

"Sir Edmund laughed. "If they would be disappointed! Some of their eyes may be opened to-night. I shall not deem it necessary to make a secret of our engagement now."

"You must permit me to ask one question, Sir Edmund. Have you and Decima corresponded?"

"No. We separated for the time entirely. The engagement existing in our own hearts alone."

"I am glad to hear it. I did not think Decima would have carried on a correspondence unknown to me."

"I am certain that she would not. And for that reason I never asked her to do it. Until I met Decima to-night, Lady Verner, we have had no communication with each other since I left. But I am quite sure that neither of us has doubted the other for a single moment."

"It has been a long while to wait," mused

Lady Verner, as they entered the presence of Decima, who started up to receive them.

When they returned to the room, Sir Edmund with Decima, Lady Verner by her daughter's side, the first object that met their view was Jan—Jan at a ball! Lady Verner lifted her eyebrows; she had never believed that Jan would really show himself where he must be so entirely out of place. But there Jan was; in decent dress, too; black clothes, and a white neckcloth and gloves. Jan's great hands laid hold of both Sir Edmund's.

"I'm uncommon glad you are back!" cried he—which was his polite phrase for expressing satisfaction.

"So am I, Jan," heartily answered Sir Edmund. "I have never had a real friend, Jan, since I left you."

"We can be friends still," said plain Jan. "Ay," said Sir Edmund, meaningly, "and brothers."

But the last word was spoken in Jan's ear alone, for they were in a crowd now.

"To see you here, very much surprises me, Jan," remarked Lady Verner, asperity in her tone. "I hope you will contrive to behave properly."

Lady Mary Elmsley, then standing with them, laughed.

"What are you afraid he should do, Lady Verner?"

"He was not made for society," said Lady Verner, with asperity.

"Nor society for me," returned Jan, good humoredly. "I'd rather be watching a case of fever."

"Oh, Jan!" cried Lady Mary, laughing still.

"So I would," repeated Jan. "At somebody's bedside, in my easy coat, I feel at home. And I feel that I am doing good: that's more. This is nothing but waste of time."

"You hear?" appealed Lady Verner to them, as if Jan's avowal were a passing proof of her assertion—that he and society were antagonistic to each other. "I wonder you took the thought to attire yourself decently," she added, her face retaining its strong vexation. "Had anybody asked me, I should have given it as my opinion that you had not things fit to appear in."

"I have got these," returned Jan, looking down at his clothes. "Won't they do? It's my funeral suit."

The unconscious matter-of-fact style of Jan's avowal was beyond everything. Lady Verner was struck dumb, Sir Edmund smiled, and Mary Elmsley laughed outright.

"Oh, Jan!" said she, "you'll be a child all your days. What do you mean by your 'funeral suit'?"

"Anybody might know that," was Jan's answer to Lady Mary. "It's the suit I keep for funerals. A doctor is always getting asked to attend them; and if he does not go, he offends the people."

"You might have kept the information to yourself," rebuked Lady Verner.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" asked Jan. "Aren't they good enough to come in?"

He turned his head round to get a glance at the said suit behind. Sir Edmund laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. Young as Jan had been before Edmund Hantley went out, they had lived close friends.

"The clothes are all right, Jan. And if you had come without a coat at all, you would have been equally welcome to me."

"I should not have gone to this sort of thing anywhere else, you know; it is not in my line, as my mother says. I came to see you."

"And I would rather see you, Jan, than anybody else in the room—with one exception. This was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I am sorry not to see Lionel."

"He couldn't come," answered Jan. "His wife turned crusty, and said she'd come if he did—something of that—and so she stayed at home. She is very ill, and she wants to ignore it, and go out all the same. It is not fit she should."

"Pray do you mean to dance, Jan?" inquired Lady Verner, the question being put ironically.

"Not I," returned Jan. "Who'd dance with me?"

"I'll dance with you, Jan," said Lady Mary.

Jan shook his head.

"I might get my feet entangled in the petticoats."

"Not you, Jan," said Sir Edmund, laughing. "I should risk that, if a lady asked me."

"She'd not care to dance with me," returned Jan, looking at Mary Elmsley. "She only says it out of good nature."

"No, Jan, I don't think I do," avowed Lady Mary. "I should like to dance with you."

"I'd stand up with you, if I stood up with anybody," replied Jan. "But where's the good of it? I don't know the figures and should only put you out, as well as everybody else."

"So, what with his ignorance of the figures, and his dreaded awkwardness amidst the trains, Jan was allowed to rest in peace. Mary Elmsley told him that, if he would come over sometimes to their house in an evening, she and her young sisters would practise the figures with him, so that he might learn them. It was Jan's turn to laugh now. The notion of his practising dancing, or having evenings to waste on it, amused him considerably.

"Go to your home to learn dancing!" echoed he. "Folks would be for putting me into a lunatic asylum. If I do find an hour to myself any odd evening, I have to get to my dissection. I went shares the other day in a beautiful subject—"

"I don't think you need tell me of that, Jan," interrupted Lady Mary, keeping her countenance.

"I wonder you talk to him, Mary," observed Lady Verner. "You hear how he repays you. He means it for good breeding, perhaps."

"I don't mean it for rudeness, at any rate,"

returned Jan. "Lady Mary knows that. Don't you?" he added, turning to her.

A strangely thrilling expression in her eyes as she looked at him was her only answer.

"I would rather have that sort of rudeness from you, Jan," said she, "than the world's hollow politeness. There is so much of false—"

Mary Elmsley's sentence was never concluded. What was it that had broken in upon them?—What object was that, gliding into the room like a ghost, on whom all eyes were strained with a terrible fascination?

Was it a ghost? It appeared ghastly enough for one. Was it one of Jan's "subjects" come after him to the ball? Was it a corpse? It looked more like that than anything else. A corpse bedizened with jewels.

"She's mad!" exclaimed Jan, who was the first to recover his speech.

"What is it?" ejaculated Sir Edmund, gazing with something very like fear, as the spectacle bore down towards him.

"It is my brother's wife," explained Jan. "You may see how fit she is to come."

There was no time for more. Sibylla had her hand held out to Sir Edmund, a wan smile on her ghastly face. His hesitation, his evident discomposure, as he took it, were not lost upon her.

"You have forgotten me, Sir Edmund; but I should have known you anywhere. Your face is bronzed, and it is the only change. Am I so much changed?"

"Yes, you are; greatly changed," was his involuntary acknowledgment in his surprise. "I should not have recognized you for the Sibylla West of those old days."

"I was at an age to change," she said. "I—"

The words were stopped by a fit of coughing. Not the ordinary cough, more or less violent, that we hear in every-day intercourse; but the dreadful cough that tells its tale of the hopeless state within. She had discarded her opera cloak, and stood there, her shoulders, back, neck, all bare and naked; tress decollete, as the French would say; shivering palpably; imparting the idea of a skeleton with rattling bones. Sir Edmund Hantley, quitting Decima, took her arm compassionately and led her to a seat.

Mrs. Verner did not like the attention. Pity, compassion, was in every line of his face—in every gesture of his gentle hand; and she resented it.

"I am not ill," she declared to Sir Edmund, between the paroxysms of her distressing cough. "The wind seemed to take my throat as I got out of the fly, and it is making me cough a little, but I am not ill. Has Jan been telling you that I am?"

She turned round fiercely on Jan as he spoke. Jan had followed her to her chair, and stood near her: he may have deemed that so evident an invalid should possess a doctor at hand. A good thing that Jan was of equable temper, of easy temperament; otherwise there might have been perpetual open war between him and Sibylla. She did not spare to him her sarcasms and her insults; but never, in all Jan's intercourse with her, had he resented them.

"No one has told me anything about you in particular, Mrs. Verner," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I see that you look delicate."

"I am not delicate," she sharply said. "It is nothing. I should be very well, if it were not for Jan."

"That's good," returned Jan. "What do I do?"

"You worry me," she answered, curtly. "You say I must not go out; I must not do this, or do the other. You know you do. Presently you will be saying I must not dance. But I will!"

"Does Lionel know you have come?" inquired Jan, leaving other questions in abeyance.

"I don't know. It's nothing to him. He was not going to stop me. I am quite enchanted that you have come home, Sir Edmund," she added, turning to the baronet.

"I am pleased myself, Mrs. Verner. Home has more charms for me than the world knows of."

"You will give us some new entertainments, I hope," she continued, her countenance beginning to subside. "Sir Rufus lived like a hermit."

That she would not live to partake of any entertainments he might give, Sir Edmund Hantley felt as sure as though he had then seen her in her grave clothes. No, not even could he be deceived, or entertain the faintest false hope, though the cough became stilled, and the brilliant hectic of reaction shone on her cheeks. Very beautiful would she then have looked, save for her attenuated frame, with that brilliant crimson flush and her gleaming golden hair.

Quite sufficiently beautiful to attract partners, and one came up and requested her to dance. She rose in astonishment, turning her back right upon Jan, who would have intervened.

"Go away," said she. "I don't want any lecturing from you."

But Jan did not go away. He laid his hand impressively upon her shoulder.

"You must do it, Sibylla. There's a pond-pottery; it's just as good you wot and throw yourself into that. It would do you no more harm."

She jerked her shoulder away from him, laughing a little scornful laugh, and saying a few contemptuous words to her partner directed to Jan. Jan propped his back against the wall, and watched her, giving her a few words in his turn.

"As good try to turn a mole, as Jan has!" He watched her through the grate. He watched her gracefully, her slender excitement of her temperament. Nothing could be more perilous for her; nothing more dangerous as Jan knew. Presently he watched her plunge into a water, and just at that moment his eyes fell on Lionel.

He had just entered; he was shaking hands with Sir Edmund Hantley. Jan made his way to them.

"Have you seen Sibylla, Jan?" was the

first question of Lionel to his brother. "I hear she has come."

For answer, Jan pointed towards a couple amidst the waiters, and Lionel's dazzled gaze fell on his wife, whirling round at a mad speed, her eyes glistening, her cheeks burning, her bosom heaving; with the violence of the exertion, her poor breath seemed to rise in loud gasps, shaking her in pieces, and the sweat-drops poured off her brow.

One dismayed exclamation, and Lionel took a step forward. Jan caught him back.

"It is of no use, Lionel. I have tried. It would only make a scene, and be productive of no end. I am not sure either, whether opposition at the present moment would not do as much harm as is being done."

"Jan!" cried Sir Edmund, in an undertone, "is she—dying?"

"She is not far off it," was Jan's answer.

Lionel had yielded to Jan's remonstrance, and stood back against the wall, as Jan had previously been doing. The waiters came to an end; in the dispersion Lionel lost sight of his wife. A few moments, and strange sounds of noise and confusion were echoing

mind was made up to it; and her telling Lionel in the morning that she'd give up going, provided he would promise to take her for a day's pleasure to Heartburg, was only a ruse to throw the house off its guard."

Jan passed down. Lucy sat on. As Jan was crossing the courtyard, for he actually went out at the front door for once in his life, as he had done the day he had carried the blanket and the black tea-kettle—he encountered Joan Masseybird. Mr. John was his usual free-and-easy costume, and had his short pipe in his mouth.

"I say," began he, "what's this tale about Mrs. Lionel? Folks are saying that she went off to Heartburg last night, and danced herself to death."

"That's near enough," replied Jan. "She would go; and she did; and she danced; and she finished it up by breaking a blood-vessel. And now she is dying."

"What was Lionel about, to let her go?"

"Lionel knew nothing of it. She slipped off while he was out. Nobody was in the house but Lucy Temper and one or two of the servants. She dressed herself on the quiet, sent for a fly, and went."

"And danced?"

"And danced," assented Jan. "Her back and shoulders looked like a bag of bones. You might easily have heard them rattle."

"I always said there were moments when Sibylla's mind was not right," composedly observed John Masseybird. "Is there any hope?"

"None. There has not been hope, in point of fact, for a long while," continued Jan. "As any body might have seen, except Sibylla. She has been obstinately blind to it. Although her father warned her, when he was here, that she could not live."

John Masseybird smoked for some moments in silence.

"She was always sickly," he presently said. "Sickly in constitution; sickly in temper."

Jan nodded. But what he might farther have said was stopped by the entrance of Lionel. He came in at the gate, looking jaded and tired. His mind was ill at ease, and he had not been to bed.

"I have been searching for you, Jan. Dr. West ought to be telegraphed to. Can you tell where he is?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "He was at Biarritz when he last wrote; but they were about to leave it. I expect to hear from him daily. If we did know where he is, Lionel, telegraphing would be of no use. He could not get here."

"I should like him telegraphed to, if possible," was Lionel's answer.

"I'll telegraph to Biarritz, if you like," said Jan. "He is sure to have left it, though."

"Do so," returned Lionel. "Will you come in?" he added, to John Masseybird.

"No, thank you," replied John Masseybird. "They'd not like my pipe. Tell Sibylla I hope she'll get over it. I'll come again by and by, and hear how she is."

Lionel went indoors, and passed upstairs with a heavy footstep. Lucy started up from her place, but not before he had seen her in it.

"Why do you sit there, Lucy?"

"I don't know," she answered, blushing that he should have caught her there, though she had not cared for Jack's doing so. "It is lonely down stairs today. Here I can ask everybody who comes out of the room how she is. I wish I could cure her! I wish I could do anything for her!"

He laid his hand lightly on her head as he passed.

"Thank you for all, my dear child!" and there was a strange tone of pain in his low voice as he spoke it.

Only Decimus was in the room then, and she quitted it as Lionel entered. Treading softly across the carpet, he took his seat in a chair opposite Sibylla's couch. She slept for a great while—or appeared to sleep. The whole morning long—say, the whole night long, her bright, restless eyes had been wide open, sleep as far from her as it could well be. It had seemed that her frigid temper kept the sleep away. But her eyes were closed now, and two dark purple rims enclosed them, terribly dark on the white face. Suddenly the eyes undlosed with a start, as if her door had been abruptly disturbed, though Lionel had been perfectly still. She looked at him for a minute or two in silence, and he, knowing it would be well that she should doze again, neither spoke nor moved.

"Lionel, am I dying?"

Quietly as the words were spoken, they struck on his ear with startling intensity. He rose then and pushed her hair from her damp brow with a fond hand, murmuring some general inquiry as to how she felt.

"Am I dying?" came again from the panting lips.

"What was he to answer her? To say that she was dying, might send her into a paroxysm of terror; to deceive her in that awful hour by telling her that she was not, went against every feeling of his heart."

"But I don't want to die," she urged, in some excitement, interpreting his silence to mean the worst. "Can't Jan do anything for me? Can't Dr. Hayes?"

"Dr. Hayes will be here soon," observed Lionel soothingly, if somewhat evasively. "He will come by the next train."

She took his hand, held it between hers, and looked beseechingly up to his face. "I don't want to leave you," she whispered. "Oh, Lionel! keep me here if you can! You know you are always kind to me. Sometimes I have reproached you that you were not, but it was not true. You have been ever kind, have you not?"

"I have ever striven to be so," he answered, the tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"I don't want to die. I want to get well and go about again, like I used to do when at Verner's Place. Now Sir Edmund Heartley is come home, that will be a good place to visit at. Lionel, I don't want to die! Can't you keep me in life?"

"If by sacrificing my own life I could save

you, Heaven knows how willingly I would do it," he tenderly answered.

"Why should I die? Why should I die, more than others? I don't think I am dying, Lionel," she added, after a pause. "I shall get well yet."

She stretched out her hand for some cooling drink that was near, and Lionel gave her a teaspoonful. He was giving her another, but she jerked her head away and spilled it. "It's not nice," she said. So he put it down.

"I want to see Deborah," she resumed.

"My dear, they are at Heartburg. I told you so this morning. They will be home no doubt by the next train. Jan has sent to them."

"What should they do at Heartburg?" she fractionally asked.

"They went over yesterday to remain until to-day, I hear."

Subsiding into silence, she lay quite still, save for her panting breath, holding Lionel's hand as he bent over her. Some noise in the corridor outside attracted her attention, and she signed to him to open the door.

"Perhaps it is Dr. Hayes," she murmured.

"He is better than Jan."

Better than Jan, inasmuch as that he was rather given to assure his patients they would soon be strong enough to enjoy the air fresco delights of a pipey party, even though he knew that they had not an hour's prolonged life left in them. Not so Jan. Never did a more cheering doctor enter a sick room than Jan, so long as there was the faintest shade of hope. But when the closing scene was actually come, the spirit all but upon the wing, then Jan whispered of hope no more. He could not do it in his pure sincerity. Jan could be silent; but Jan could not tell a man, whose soul was hovering on the entrance of the next world, that he might yet recreate himself, dancing hornpipes in this. Dr. Hayes would; it was in his creed to do so; and in that respect Dr. Hayes was different from Jan.

It was not Dr. Hayes. As Lionel opened the door, Lucy was passing it, and Theresia was at the end of the corridor talking to Lady Verner. Lucy stopped to make her kind inquiries, her tone a low one, of how the invalid was then.

"Whose voice is that?" called out Mrs. Verner, her words scarcely reaching her husband's ears.

"It is Lucy Temper," he said, closing the door and returning to her. "She was asking after you."

"Tell her to come in."

Lionel opened the door again, and beckoned to Lucy.

"Mrs. Verner is asking if you will come in and see her," he said as she approached.

All the old grievances, the insults of Sibylla, blotted out from her gentle and forgiving mind, lost sight of in this great crisis, Lucy went up to the couch, and stood by the side of Sibylla. Lionel leaned over her back.

"I trust you are not feeling very ill, Mrs. Verner," she said in a low, sweet tone, as she bent towards her and touched her hand. Touched it only; let her own full lightly upon it, as if she did not feel sufficiently sure of Sibylla's humor to presume to take it.

"No, I don't think I'm better. I am so weak here."

She touched her chest as she spoke. Lucy, perhaps some what at a loss what to say, stood in silence.

"I have been very cross to you sometimes, Lucy," she resumed. "I meant nothing. I need to feel vexed with everybody, and said foolish things without meaning it. It was so cruel to be turned from Verner's Place, and it made me unhappy."

"Indeed I do not think anything about it," replied Lucy, the tears rising to her eyes in her forgiving tenderness. "I know how ill you must have felt. I used to feel that I should like to help you to bear the pain and the sorrow."

Sibylla lay panting. Lucy remained as she was, Lionel also. Presently she, Sibylla, glanced at Lucy.

"I wish you'd kiss me."

Lucy, unmoved by the words, bent closer to her, a shower of tears falling from her eyes on Sibylla's face.

"If I could but save her life for you!" she murmured to Lionel, glancing up at him through her eyes as she rose from the couch, and she saw that Lionel's eyes were wet as hers.

And now there was a commotion outside. Sounds, as of talking and weeping and crying, were heard. Little need to tell Lionel that they came from the Miss Wests; he recognized the voices; and Lucy glided forward to open the door.

Poor ladies! They were wont to say ever after that their absence had happened on purpose. Mortified at being ignored in Miss Heartley's invitations, they had made a little plan to get out of Heartburg. An old friend in Heartburg had repeatedly pressed them to dine there and remain for the night, and they determined to avail themselves of the invitation this very day of the *fête* at Heartburg Hall. It would be pleasant to have to say to inquisitive friends, "We could not attend it, we were engaged to Heartburg." Many a lady, of more account in the world than Deborah and Amilly West, has resorted to a less innocent ruse to conceal a slight offered. Jan had despatched Master Cheese that morning with the information of Sibylla's illness; and here they were back again, full of grief of consternation, and ready to show it in their demonstrative way.

Lionel hastened out to them, a Hush—sh! upon his tongue. He caught hold of them as they were hastening in.

"Yes; but not like this. Be still for her sake."

Deborah looked at his pale face, reading it aright.

"Is she so ill as that?" she gasped. "Is there no hope?"

"What ever you do, preserve a calm demeanor before her. We must keep her in tranquillity."

"Master Cheese says she went to the ball—and danced," said Deborah. "Mr. Verner, why did you allow it?"

"She did go," he answered. "It was no fault of mine."

Heavier footsteps up the stairs now. They were those of the physician, who had come by the train which had brought the Miss Wests. He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room, and they stole in after him; Lionel followed; Jan came bustling in, and made another; and Lucy remained outside.

Lady Verner saw Dr. Hayes when he was going away.

"There was no change," he said, in answer to her inquiries; "Mrs. Verner was certainly in a very weak, sick state—and there was no change."

The Miss Wests removed their travelling garments, and took up their stations in the sick room—not to leave it again until the life should have departed from Sibylla. Lionel remained in it. Decimus and Catherine went in and out, and Jan made frequent visits to the house.

"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Place that has killed me," said Sibylla to Amilly with nearly her latest breath.

There was no bed for any of them that night, any more than there had been the previous one. A life was hovering in the balance. Lucy sat with Lady Verner, and the rest went in and out occasionally, taking news. Dawn was breaking when one went in for the last time.

It was Jan. He had come to break the tidings to his mother, and he sat himself down on the arm of the sofa—Jan fashion—while he did it.

The flickering lamp of life had burnt out at last.

In the Glasgow Journal, a *jeu d'esprit* recently appeared, written in imitation of the style of Carlyle, and introduced with an editorial style rendered it unnecessary to say from what distinguished literary person it proceeded. One Robert Duncan, having sent the article to Mr. Carlyle, with a note directing his attention to it, has received an answer, in which Mr. Carlyle says: "Time and human patience are too valuable to allow of any word from me, beyond the strictly necessary, on that except you have been so good as to send me from the Glasgow Morning Journal for November 26, in the belief that it is not mine. Rest well assured that it is not; that I have no share in it more than the dead or the unborn; and that if the impertinent blockhead who did write it could be laid hold of and put into the treadmill, or horsewhipped—in moderation—I should think it might be useful to himself and others."

None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

Don't put your watch under your pillow; a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate; her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

A traveller being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; "but somewhere on the continent—Russia, I think. I should rather think it Italy," returned the other.

When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

If a clock could speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll it ticks.

The late World's Exhibition, in London, was visited by 6,100,000 people, who, besides eating an immense quantity of cakes, buns, cream, biscuits, and other food, drank 2,300,000 pints of ale and porter, 123,000 bottles of ginger beer, 101,000 of lemonade, 31,000 of soda water, and 10,500 of Seltzer water. Pretty extensive guzzling, that!

A boat dismissed by a bell, and an arrow dismissed by a bow, are apt to be off in a hurry.

Be sure and cover the bits of your breeches with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouths of your horses sore; it is downright cruelty to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, bit yourself some day, when the mercury stands below zero.

When you cut India rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it without difficulty.

There is a tailor in Jersey rejoicing in the somewhat encouraging-to-customers name of Edward Rumbit.

He that blows the coals in quarrels has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

Poverty, bitter though it is in many respects, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous.

A Missouri letter in the Dubuque Times, says tobacco is used among the natives in the rural districts, indiscriminately, by both sexes, children as well as adults, both for chewing and smoking. A foraging party near Huntville recently called at a house, where they found a woman and thirteen children, the three eldest being girls, and all "chewing" a "power" of tobacco. One of the party remarking that she was the first woman he ever saw chew tobacco, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, now what was you brought up? Never seen a woman chew 'bacar! Don't you have any ladies who you was raised?"

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Master Hopkins on Slender.—If thou wouldst not be guilty of slender, be frequent in reflecting upon thine own misadventures, or thy proneness to fall into the same or greater faults. When thou hearest or knowest of any foul and scandalous sin committed by another, look backward upon thine own life and actions. Canst thou find no blot in thy copy? Is the whole course of thy life fairly written upon thy conscience?

Moethinks, our shame for our own sins should be a covering to the sins of others.

ON FITTING UP A HOME:

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

Every fruit grower and gardener has to educate himself, and generally pays very dear for his education. Multitudes get possession of the house, and a home lot, and the means to adorn it, before they get the knowledge requisite to lay out their money to good advantage. Many go ahead without consulting architect, artist, or gardener—build, lay out grounds, plant trees—for it is the weakness of a Yankee to the manor born to think that he can do almost anything as well as if he had never done anything else. Such go-ahead improvers, after a few years' labor, begin to get hold of the principles of landscape gardening, especially if they travel much, and observing other well kept places, discover that they have made several blunders, if not more. The gate is in the wrong place, the carriage drive has taken the wrong turn, the Norway spruces hide objects that ought to be seen, and a good deal is brought into view that were better hidden. He has at length educated his taste so that he can enjoy nothing that he has done, and he has to "change his base" and begin again. The walks are moved, new hedges are planted, half grown trees are transplanted, some are cut down, fruit trees are thinned out, and the work of years is destroyed in a day. Many can never summon resolution enough to make the change, and go on cherishing the blunders of their early years. They have gained a good deal of knowledge by their experience, but it comes a little too late for them.

I do not come altogether under this latter category, for I have already changed many of my blunders, but a few, alas! must remain for another generation. I am willing to put some of these blunders upon record for the benefit of those who are just building new homes or beginning to improve them. First, then, is the neglect of the architect and the landscape gardener. There is a wide spread prejudice against these characters, probably from the fact that both professions have their unworthy representatives, miserable pretenders who do not understand the first principles of their business. But Downing has his worthy successors, and the man who wishes to avail himself of their aid, can easily find them. Two or three hundred dollars seems a large outlay for the plan of a house and out-buildings, but in an expenditure of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, or even half that sum, it is of trifling importance. The plan determines the character of the house, and the comfort of the household for their whole lives. A door in the wrong place, or the want of one in the right place, is matter of daily annoyance. Bad arrangements in the kitchen and dining room make a great deal of unnecessary labor for which you have to pay. The lodging-room and nursery upon the second or third story, instead of the first, make a multitude of weary foot-steps for the wife and mother already overtaxed. The continued health of a wife and well being of children may depend upon so small a matter as the right location of a bedroom. No rewards are better earned, none are cheaper to the purchaser, than those of the architect who plans a house to meet the wants of your condition in life and your family. The problem to be solved varies with almost every family. It is the business of the architect to study these wants, and to meet them in the most economical manner. Many more than save the price of their services in the increased economy which they secure in building, and in the future labor in the household. Some houses are so badly arranged, that it requires three servants to do the work which two would easily perform in another.

The arrangement of the grounds around the dwelling is another of less importance indeed, but still not to be overlooked. Every gem wants its appropriate setting, and a tasteful house may be half spoiled by its surroundings. We want the apples of gold in pictures of silver. Trees and shrubs may be so planted as to heighten the charms of the dwelling, and to give it additional shelter and warmth in winter. They may be so arranged as to command the most beautiful objects in the distance, or to obstruct the view. One of my neighbors has entirely buried himself up in his trees. His home stands on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the distant sea and its islands, but he cannot see a sail from the window of the sitting-room, where the family spend most of their leisure hours. The windows look out pleasantly upon a lawn of four or five acres. But a large clump of evergreens completely obstructs the view. He is sheltered indeed, but he has cut off the cheerful light of the sun, and the pleasing aspects of nature around him. He might have bid defiance to the winds, and at the same time have wooed the sunlight. He is surrounded with green fields, but he can hardly get a glimpse of them.

This may seem to be a small matter to people without taste, but it has a good deal to do with the happiness of the family. We ride miles to get a pretty view from the summit of a hill, and enjoy the whitening sails of the sea, or the steamers that leave behind them their long trails of smoke. Such a view, or any other pleasing prospect, would seem to be worth preserving at home. I am a little old-fashioned in my tastes, but really, I prefer to have these pictures out of doors, rather than their imitations upon the walls of the parlor.

Twenty years ago I planted a clump of evergreens, mostly Norway spruces and hemlocks, to hide a neighbor's barn across the way. They have grown wondrously, and more than accomplished their object, for they have hidden a glimpse of a sheet of water that lies at the foot of a hill a mile away. The trees are too beautiful to be cut away, it would be sacrilege to trim them, and I am in a quandary to know what to do with them. In tree planting, one needs to look ahead a little, and see what a tree will become when it is well developed. Smaller evergreens would have hidden my eyesore, and saved my lake.—HENRY HERBERT, in *American Agriculturist*.

Anecdote of Napoleon the First.

The employment in which Napoleon's confidential secretaries were engaged was of all kinds of slavery the most irksome. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue—nothing was regarded; a minute's absence would have been an unpardonable offence. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest—all must be given up. The Baron Mainevail and the Baron Fain knew this by hard experience, but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence. The most implicit reliance was placed on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality. They both merited the Emperor's confidence. One day, at two o'clock, the Emperor went out to hunt.

He will probably be absent, as usual, about four hours; so Mainevail calculated. It was his father's birthday, and he thought he might surely leave the palace for a short time; therefore he would venture. He had bought a little villa, and anxiously desired to present the title-deeds to his father on that festive day. The Baron set out, and found on his arrival that the whole family were collected, who all received their unexpected visitor with enthusiasm. The present was given—the parent's heart was full of joy—happiness universally prevailed, and the generous son was entreated to tarry, that he might be their guest at dinner, which was then announced. The Baron refused, saying—

"The Emperor may return and ask for me."

"Oh," was the exclamation, "you are never away—the Emperor will not be angry."

The entreaties were redoubled, and the worthy secretary yielded to the general wish. Time flies swiftly to men surrounded by those whom they revere.

In the meantime the Emperor returns—even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.

"Mainevail—let him be called."

"They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient."

"Well, where is Mainevail?"

"They fear to tell the Emperor that he is absent; but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length the secretary returns."

"The Emperor has inquired for you. He is angry."

"All is lost," said Mainevail to himself. He made up his mind, however, and presented himself. His reception was terrible.

"Where do you come from? Go about your business," exclaimed the enraged Emperor. "I do not want men that neglect their duty."

Mainevail, in a state of distress and excitement, retired; he could not sleep that night, but pictured to his mind his fearful position—his prospects were all destroyed—his fortune ruined, and all hopes of future advancement were banished. At length day arrived. He reflected—"The Emperor did not give me a formal dismissal." He therefore dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet.

Some minutes after Napoleon entered, looked at him without speaking, wrote a note, and then walked to and fro in the chamber. Mainevail continued the task he had in hand, without lifting up his eyes. Napoleon, with his hands behind his back, stopped before him, and abruptly said—

"What asks you? Are you ill?"

"No, sire," replied Mainevail, rising up to answer.

"Sit down; you are ill. I don't like people telling me falsehoods. I insist on knowing."

"Sire—the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty deprived me of sleep."

"Where were you, then, yesterday?"

Mainevail told him the cause of his absence. "I thought this little property would gratify my father."

"And pray, where did you get the money to buy this house?"

"I saved it, sire, out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me."

Napoleon, after looking at him steadily for a few seconds, said, "Take a ship of paper, and write 'the treasurer of my civil list will pay the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs.'" He took the draft and signed it.

"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."

The astonished secretary found himself restored to his office, in possession of all his emoluments, and a richer man by eighty thousand francs.

A goose is owned by a man in Norridgewood, Me., which is sixty-eight years old. Though attaining this green old age, she nevertheless is not a green goose. The secret of her longevity consists in the fact that she hid away for several seasons, at Christmas time, until she became so tough that they couldn't kill her, and let her live on.

It is very natural that coffee should now-a-days have a soothing, *post-chole* effect, and it's very benedict in the grocery-men to sell it so cheap.

Widdikins is anxiously inquiring whether a hindquarter of beef should not be cooked rare (rare).

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an acorn is encased the germ of a ship which shall battle the storms of fifty years; but no harder to believe than that in old men lodges the germ of an angel.

The uncle of the lady of the Captain General of Cuba is a model of a relative. When his niece's son was christened, he made the mother a present of diamonds worth \$18,000.

A French acrobat, it was shown in a case before an English court lately, receives a salary greater than the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury, twice as much as that of the President of the United States, and vastly more than any general, lawyer, or editor in the country.

ABOUT FURS—WHERE THEY GET THEM

AND WHERE THEY ARE SOLD.

It is said that London is the fur mart of the world, although the climate of England is such that they are but little used. Russia is the most valuable of all furs and the skins are exceedingly scarce. According to the latest statistics, but twenty-five thousand of them were produced in the Czar's dominions. The prices paid for them are enormous. In New York, a set—tipper, muff and cuffs—costs from one thousand to three thousand dollars. The sable for lining one of the Emperor's cloaks, exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851, was valued at five thousand dollars.

One kind of the Russian sable is called silver sable, on account of the long, white hairs which are conspicuously mingled with the dark brown, which is its usual color. This commands a very high price, partly from its rarity and partly because it cannot be imitated so readily as the brown. The peculiarity of this fur

Wit and Humor.

A ROAD TO A FAR WIDDER IN THE DIGGINS.

BY THE PORT OF PIKE.

Upon the banks of a dark river
Where the gold in bars was laid,
There lives a peert and purty widder
In a house of saw boards made.

At bakin' dodgers shoes a snorter,
Keeps her cabing mitty clean,
Stiles on men as widders orter,
Cepting when they're orful mean.

Her childrens ar two handsome critters,
Sweeter than the sweetest truck,
That ritche folks use to eat on fritters,
When this has that best "chemuck."

She is more morrel than a presher,
More digulider than a queen;
No mockin' bird can ever reach her
In singin', that I ever seen.

Oil on the banks of Comy river,
Where the miners dig the dust—
Shes stole my hart—the far young widder;
Im bound to marry her—or bust!

Old Abe Not a Temperance Man!

For occasional sallies of original wit, give us a country grocery winter evenings and rainy days, and the bar-rooms of country hotels. As an instance, take the following, which occurred in a grocery store not long since. There was quite a collection, and our friend S., who is a Democrat, and friend M., who is a Republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a lull took place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—

"M., how many public men are there who are really temperance men?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied M.

"Well," said S., "I don't know but one that I can speak positively of on our side, and that is Gen. Cass."

"Well," said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln on our side, certain."

"Guess not," said S., incredulously.

"Guess yes," replied M., warmly.

"But you don't pretend to say that President Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"Yes, I do," answered M., "and can maintain the statement."

"Well, now, I tell you that Abraham Lincoln is as fond of his hoid as any man living," replied S., earnestly, "and I can prove it to you."

"Well, I tell you that he isn't," retorted M., who began to get excited; "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country."

"I contend," replied S., with provoking coolness, "that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his hoid that it is the last thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the first when he wakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded how-foul lie!" exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S., "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"Told, by thunder!" exclaimed M., jumping more than a foot from the floor; "boys, let's adjourn to the other room."

A LONG PRAYER.—The following story is told of Rev. Walter Jackson, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher of the last generation:—

The prayers of even godly men at that time were very long and heavy, comprehending sometimes a system of divinity. Jackson was notorious for length. He was attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshments, and having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going down from one great Bible doctrine to another till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners; one by one they left the barn, and the funeral procession started for Newland's churchyard.

When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile away. His concerted soul was chafed.

AVOID BAD COMPANY.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom; and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society, will do well to remember it, and govern themselves accordingly:

"A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting."

"How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

LAND IN THE MOON.—In a certain village was a miserly old coger, who had managed by hook or by crook to obtain a mortgage on nearly all the property thereabouts. In the same place was a queer old joker, who stunted most beautifully. The latter was walking down the street one pleasant evening, when he saw two men looking at the moon and discussing the question as to land being there in the dark spots. "B-b-by t-thunder!" cried the old fellow, involuntarily, "if it th-there's any l-land there, old M-M-Major W-W-Wink's got a m-m-mortgage on it!"

HAD HIM THERE.—"You can't make a jewel out of a pig's ear, anyhow," said an acquaintance, to our friend Sykdes, the other day, during a discussion as to the merits of an individual for a certain position.

"Yes, I can," returned S. "You just let me box your ears, and if you don't have an ear-ache, then I'll sell out, that's all!"

Assistance dropped the subject.

YOUNG WOMANHOOD.—A gentleman repeated the following beautiful thought in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed:—

Young Womanhood—"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge; a thought matured but not uttered; a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied; the rich halo which precedes the rising sun; the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach:—"

"A flower which is not quite a flower, Yet is no more a bud."

"Or, rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me:—"

"A girl that is too young for beauty, And yet too old to play happy."

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.—When ever you see a gal with a whole lot of sweet-hearts, (says a humorous writer,) it's even a chance if she gets married to any one of 'em. One cools off, and before she brings any of 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow, and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame she can blow up again. I never see a clever looking gal in danger of that but I don't long to whisper in her ear—"You dear little critter, you take care; you have too many irons in the fire; some of 'em will get stone cold, and 'other ones will get burnt so they will be no good in natur."

MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

There is no act so womanly as that of giving to her home the same air of refinement and elegance which all ladies desire to impart to their dress.

There is one thing that is too often forgotten or unnoticed, although it is exceedingly important in giving a pleasant appearance to a room, and that is the effect of light. Neither faces nor rooms can bear the full glare of light, for both have some defects to be hid—some blemishes which need softening down.

Willis says that a lawn should never be seen at midday, but only in the morning or in the evening, for only then is it in its full beauty. It needs the exquisite shadows which are lost at noon. Sunshine is delightful, and plenty of it is necessary to health and cheerfulness.

Nothing gives a room such an utterly lonely and desolate air as the total absence of sun light; but it need not stream in at uncurtained and unshuttered windows. Let us have enough, but not too much. Red curtains in winter give an air of cheerfulness and comfort to even the homeliest furniture and commonest room, and it is partly because they give the light in the room a soft, pink tinge, which is peculiarly pleasant—like that from an open fire than anything else. And who has not enjoyed the glow of a bright wood fire just at twilight, before the candles are lit, while the outside world is gray and gloomy? How exquisite the play of light and shade from the flickering flame! The whole room seems pervaded with cheerfulness, and however sadly we may have entered, we cannot help, for the moment at least, looking joyfully at the Present, if we still have only sadness to hope for in the Future; and it is almost an impossibility for a person to remain cross and ill-humored under its influence. It is a trifle, to be sure. Why should it make any difference to a well-balanced mind whether the fire burned or not? But of trifles is this life made up. To return to our subject: Anything that gives a room a cold, chilly appearance, should be avoided even in summer; for we like cool, shady places, but not damp ones, where there is nothing but shade. Green paper curtains, which are often used in sitting rooms, though not allowed in the parlors, are the very worst possible species of shade to windows; and if you must have them at all, put them in the best rooms, where only now and then a person enters. In summer, the sunlight coming through green venetian blinds, or, better still, the fresh leaves of a clustering vine, with their exquisite shadows, on the floor and walls, is most refreshingly cool; but paper shades never can produce the same effect—they but color the light. When shades are used, they should be either buff or some delicate neutral tint. Heavy green curtains absorb the light, and it requires far more gas to make a room look cheerful with them than with crimson or even mauve, as they seem to emit light. When a room is hung with any very dark paper, except crimson, the same difficulty is felt in making it look bright and cheerful; it will require either a gay carpet, or pictures on the walls, and plenty of sunshine, to make it pleasant to live in. Close-lights—that is, from windows on the opposite sides of the room always have a bad effect. A little care in this, and a few experiments as to the effect of shading one window and opening another, will soon teach any one who has the least desire to render their home pleasant how to change the whole appearance of the room by slight changes of this kind. It will require a little time and labor, but a pleasant, cheerful room will do more to lead us to appreciate what we have in life that is enjoyable than many sermons on the duty of contentment.

AN IRON EGG.—In Droneden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:

A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground a spring, cunningly hid, den in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and whilst it was a diamond marriage ring.

There is a moral to the story.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.



BEHOLD the haughty Sabretache, as he walks down the High Street, cold, sarcastic, unbending as ever, and with more than his usual stateliness, for he sees the lovely Violet and her lady-mother coming towards him.

[N. B.—The optical illusion of the Palls, so detrimental to dignity, is caused by a Milkmaid walking behind him.]

Parlor Pastime—The Landscape.

Many of our young readers will be pleased to hear something of this simple invention, so capable of affording them amusement. It consists in the application of the principle of the magic lantern and the dissolving views to an ordinary table lamp.

To construct a landscape, (presuming the possession of a lamp,) the ordinary globe must be removed, and in its place a cardboard box, square, round, or octagonal, as is most convenient to make, must be substituted, and into one side of this two tubes of cardboard must be inserted, after the manner of an ordinary magic lantern. Into these tubes, which slide one within the other, lenses are to be fixed, say the lens nearest to the light shall be of two inches focus. According to the relative power of the lenses, so will be the size of the picture on the wall; thus the lenses may be of various focuses, and not exactly, unless convenient, to the measure we take as the example; which, however, will be well understood by those whose knowledge of the laws of optics may induce them to make this landscape for the entertainment of their friends.

Between the lenses and the light a place must be made for the purpose of inserting the slides of figures to be represented on the wall upon which the disc of light is thrown. These figures may be painted on glass slides by the amateur himself, or purchased ready for use. Having thus far constructed the instrument, we have only to hang up a sheet against the wall to make it white, and having put our landscape on to the lamp a round disc from the lenses will be shown on the sheet. The tubes must be regulated like a telescope to make the picture distinct; and according to the character of these, so will the exhibition be, "grave or gay, lively or severe."

HOW TO EAT PEARS.—Did you ever take a pear supper? Supper, I say. I do wholly reject the old maxim that fruit in the morning is gold; at noon, silver; at night, lead. I reverse the order. A melon is the only fruit to be eaten at breakfast. Pears and apples in the morning are signs and signals of a blue, desponding, heavy day! Few people untrained by pomological conventions know how to eat pears. They take them after a hearty meal. They take whole ones. They eat them. Should their selection be good, they are fortunate; if bad, they must eat the whole, or give up. Gather in your friends at evening. The tea is taken and a more souvenier of bread. Now, while all are fresh, un-stuffed and unsated, bring in your pears, seven or eight kinds. Let one man carve. Take the probably poorest first; and yet, your poorest must be good. Give to each guest a section of the same pear. Eat together from the one fruit and be united and magnetized by the spiritual essence of the one fruit. So on from fruit to fruit, and from kind to kind. Thus each one, without cloying or overfulness will have tasted of each kind, and of every specimen. Meantime the conversation must abound. Tell the great and wonderful stories of the new seedling—of the wonderful yield, of the immense size, of the freaks and fantasies, of luck and unluck in, this or that sort. In short, have a real garden gossip. Pears thus indiscriminately and unselishly eaten, will prove to be not the forbidden fruit!—Henry Ward Beecher.

FAMILY NAMES.—Few persons are probably aware of the meaning attached, two or more centuries ago, in the different parts of England, to certain family names. We give below the meaning attached to the patronymics of some of our readers:

Ames—Calm. Balch—A Rope. Chapin—A Wooden Shoe. Doane—Wet, damp Bread. Evans—A Sue Cat. Fogg—A Blank Grass. Garrison—An Awkward Fellow. Hobbs—Shoes. Jenks—A Gay, Thoughtless Person. Knapp—A Bl-w. Lincoln—A Lake on the top of a Hut. Mackay—Neat Tidy. Newell—A Pillar that Supports a Winding Staircase. Otis—A Quick Ear. Prichard—Small Beer. Quincy—Heave! Rand—A Piece of Beef. Sears—A Scare-Crow. Todd—Twenty-Eight Pounds of Wool. Worth—A Farm.

THE EXPERIENCE of many a life: What a fool I have been!

Agricultural.

GERMAN ECONOMY.

Some of the pleasant pictures of rural life in Europe, are those drawn by Mr. Howitt. Particularly in Germany, does he find much to interest him. One thing which struck him quite forcibly, was the carefulness with which the country people save everything which can be turned to use. For instance, the roadside is not always set with forest trees for shade and ornament, but is planted with fruit trees, and these are protected and cultivated hardly less than those of the orchard and garden. Again, more pains are taken, than with us, in saving and drying all kinds of fruit for domestic use and for sale in market. Cows are not generally pastured in summer, but are kept in sheds or small yards, where they are fed in various ways. Grass and clover, refuse fruits, vegetables and meal, etc., are carefully provided for this purpose. In some cases, the women and children go out with sickle and basket, to cut up and gather grass and weeds from the roadside; the boys go into the marshes and woods to gather tall grass and even to cut scrubbery, all for the useful cow. Yes, the useful cow; for not only is every drop of her milk saved and turned to account, but her other droppings are assiduously collected, and applied where most useful.

The tops of potatoes, refuse of hemp, and stalks of beans serve as bedding for the cow; and even the rough stalks of poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil and seed, are converted into manure for the land. Children are often sent into the woods to collect baskets and bags of moss for cattle bedding, which afterwards goes into manure. In the autumn, the falling leaves by the roadside and everywhere are swept up and stacked for the same purpose. The cones of evergreens are gathered and dried for lighting fires. While the women are tending their poultry and their cows, the knitting-needles keep constantly going. In short, the Germans seem to have reduced the Scriptural precept to systematic practice: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." And this same frugality and industry, we are glad to see, prevails widely among the Germans who have chosen this country for their home. With such habits of living joined with virtue, they are sure to prosper.

FEEDING HENS IN WINTER.

The following is furnished the American Agriculturist by a correspondent:—

"I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs in the fore part of winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in a dripping-pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed it with the swill-pail, and mixed into this mash with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg shells on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These, mashed together, are fed immediately in a trough prepared for the purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I fed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch long; and in the evening oats and wheat screenings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in about two weeks, and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the hen-house all day, and generally till ten or twelve o'clock. Such

singing over the corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear."

What Farmer's Boys Should Know.

Every farmer's boy should know how, sooner or later,

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.

2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.

3. To carve, and wait on table.

4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.

5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.

6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly; and write contracts.

7. To plough, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a neat stack and pick hay.

8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, and be useful to his mother and sisters, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

TREATMENT OF HORSES' FEET.—Mr. Gar-gee, Sen., in the Edinburgh Veterinary Review for August, says:—"The day will, I believe, soon come when people will not allow cutting instruments to touch the soles of their horses' feet. I have said in former papers that the wall, sole and frog are so constructed that they mutually co-operate, and that the intermediate horn, which I have shown is secreted between the wall and sole at their union, is also required to be left entire; but, by the prevailing custom of cutting the hoof, these substances, which in their nature are rebounding springs, are destroyed or greatly impaired. The custom of thinning the sole, and likewise of keeping that part always in cow dung, or other wet soddening material, under the name of "steppings," was brought much into vogue after the establishment of our first veterinary schools."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TAKING MEDICINE.—If persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were so much sugar.

REMEDY AGAINST MOTHS.—An ounce of gum camphor and one of the powdered shell of red pepper are macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or cloths are sprinkled over, and rolled up in sheets. Instead of the pepper, bitter apple may be used. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of the Chinese tincture for Moths.

INKSTAINS.—Housewives who are horrified at the sight of ugly inkstains, will like to get hold of a receipt for removing them. The moment the ink is spilled, take a little milk and saturate the stain, soak it up with a rag and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COURT PLASTER.—Never having seen in print an excellent substitute for court plaster, for cuts and bruises upon the hands in cold weather, I give you the following:

Take half a dozen pig's feet, well cleaned for cooking, and boil to a jelly of any about half a pint or less—then spread with a brush on any waste scraps of silk, and we find it equal to any adhesive plaster we have ever used. Any fatty substance in the boiling of the feet raises to the surface, and when cold can easily be removed.

One of its chief excellencies is, that it costs nothing but the trouble of preparing, which may deter people from trying it, on the principle, little cost, little worth.—Country Gentleman.

A GOOD, CHEAP, AND WHOLESOME DISH.—A writer in an exchange says: "My family breakfasted this morning, July 20, mainly on boiled wheat. Boiled wheat and milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. Not wheat flour, nor wheaten groats, nor cracked wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled from the best heads, the larger the better, and soaked in cold water two or three hours, and then boiled in the same water one or two hours, or until quite soft, and the water all absorbed. It should all be cooked while other culinary operations are going on, as it needs to boil or simmer on a slow fire for a good while, and care must be taken at the last that it does not burn. To prevent this, it may be finished off by placing the kettle in a pan of water. How easy for our soldiers to have a change in the bread and salt meat rations, if they may be allowed to glean a few wheat heads, and boil the grains in their camp kettles. How convenient would this little item of knowledge in domestic cooking be to the wife of many a farmer who would gladly get up an extra dish for the tired harvest hands! Try it. How many families are this day living on short allowance, right alongside of a wheat field, or with grain stack or barn near the house, because they cannot get it ground, the mill being dried up or broken down, or occupied by 'the army,' or suffering a collapse, so that no grinding can be had."

Always buy Welsh stockings; they are sure to be well chosen (Welsh hozten).

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 15, 14, 11, 12, is a part of a ship.

My 22, 3, 19, 31, is a fruit.

My 36, 21, 5, is a part of the body.

My 25, 30, 6, 2, 13, 15, 12, 59, 4, soldiers delight to see.

My 30, 1, 28, 18, is a part of the body.

My 28, 3, 21, 9, is a division of time.

My 23, 26, 19, 7, 8, is a fruit.

My 27, 10, 17, 12, 4, 24, days are coming.

The first part of my whole shape all my readers have experienced, and I heartily wish them all to enjoy my second; my whole, when taken as a whole, is a common expression of good will.

CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in mate, but not in weed,

My 2nd is in fear, but not in dread,

My 3rd is in cool, but not in warm,

My 4th is in cloud, but not in storm,

My 5th is in quail, but not in drink,

My 6th is in thought, but not in think,

My 7th is in end, but not in hear,

My 8th is in right, but not in claim,

My 9th is in game, but not in play,

My 10th is in light, but not in ray,

My 11th is in bread, but not in dough,

My 12th is in call, but not in hear,

My 13th is in shame, but not in fear,

My 14th is in ill, but not in well,

My 15th is in brass, but not in bell,

My 16th is in mind, but not in soul,

My 17th is in land, but not in whole,

My 18th is in hand, but not in arm,

My 19th is in but, but not in thought,

My 20th is in run, but not in flow,

My 21st is in truth, but not in lie,

My 22nd is in rain, but not in why,

My 23rd is in still, but not in dare,

My 24th is in stair, but not in start,

My 25th is in sell, but not in buy,

My 26th is in rise, but not in fly,

My 27th is in main, but not in sea,

My 28th is in charge, but not in fee,

My 29th is in night, but not in day,

My 30th is in think, but not in say,

My 31st is in run, but not in spend,

My 32nd is in pay, but not in lend,

My 33rd is in eat, but not in drink,

My 34th is in stand, but not in sink,

My 35th is in half, but not in rain,

My 36th is in pain, but not in pane,

My 37th is in plant, but not in rose,

My 38th is in friends, but not in foes,

My 39th is in king, but not in czar,

My 40th is in cut, but not in scar,

My 41st is in strike, but not in blow,

My 42nd is in till, but not in sow,

My 43rd is in rock, but not in weight,

My 44th is in four, but not in eight,

My 45th is in what, but not in grain,

My 46th is in killed, but not in slain,

My 47th is in rain, but not in snow,

My 48th is in went, but not in go,

My 49th is in age, but not in time,